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HARRY  
RUSSELL  
By J. E. COPUS, S. J.  
(CUTHBERT)





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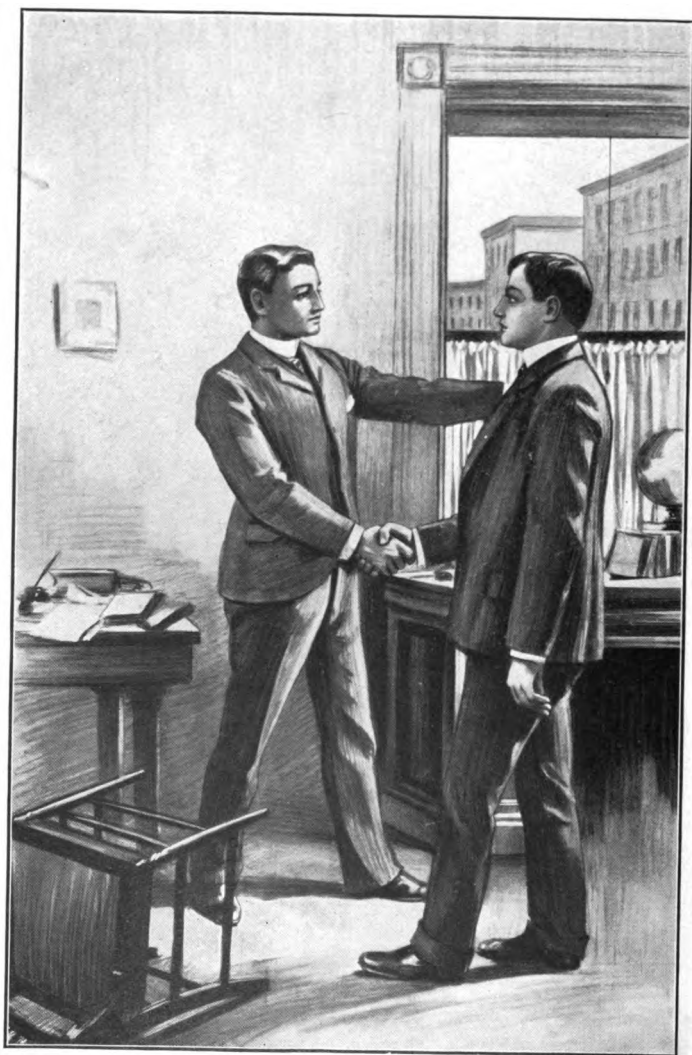
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"I THINK YOU HAVE DONE NOBLY; BUT IT WAS HARD ON ME,  
WASN'T IT?"

*(See page 68.)*

# HARRY RUSSELL

A ROCKLAND COLLEGE BOY

BY

REV. J. E. COPUS, S.J.

[CUTHBERT]



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## TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

FATHER COPUS, S.J., is not unknown to the readers of important Catholic periodicals. He has already won golden opinions from the boys, old and young, for whom he has written; and the girls—there are no old girls—have condescended to admire his writings. But “Harry Russell” is his first book, and a first book is like a ship—at least, its launching gives its author some anxiety. This is the reason why I have been asked to break a bottle of good spring water over the bow of the “Harry Russell,” having sent many little boats of my own afloat.

This stanch little yacht, the “Harry Russell,” will delight you, I am sure. It is freighted with the heart’s love of a kind priest for all of you. The breezes of kindness and duty fill its sails, and you will not care to lose sight of it until it disappears in the vistas of memory. And I know that when you see it sail from you to another port—the waiting mind of a comrade, perhaps—you will say, “God bless Father Copus!”

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.



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# HARRY RUSSELL.

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## CHAPTER I.

### SOME OF THE CHARACTERS.

TIME, early afternoon in the middle of July. Place, a corner of the superheated pavement on Broadway. The sun's heat was reflected from the tall buildings; the air on the street seemed motionless, the place stifling. Notwithstanding the heat, the thoroughfare was thronged. Men carried their hats in their hands, mopped their brows, shook their heads disconsolately to chance acquaintances in the passing throng, without energy enough to make a feeble complaint.

About a hundred and fifty feet up the street from the southeast corner of Broadway stood an ice-cream vender's wagon. The seller's voice rose above the tumult of the traffic, above the shrill cry of the news-boys, above the rattle of the heavy wagons, and it could even be heard above the shrill clang of the street-car gongs.

Around the wagon stood a group of children, mostly ragged and unkempt. The majority of them



were centless. These viewed with envious eyes others who came and went. Every now and then a boy from a neighboring store or factory, hatless and coatless, would rush out from some adjacent alley, purchase his cent's worth of the cooling delicacy, and hurry back to his work, holding the little dab of ice-cream to his mouth, completely hiding his face with the rough brown paper on which it was served. In doing this he was prevented from seeing the many envious glances cast at him by the less fortunate ragamuffins.

The dark-visaged seller of the cream, while doing a thriving business, kept one eye constantly fixed on a stalwart policeman stationed on the corner across the street. The policeman and the Italian were evidently at enmity with each other; for when the wagon had remained in one place for about ten minutes the man in blue began to pick his way between the cabs, street-cars, and wagons to where it stood. Barely escaping an automobile which went clanging triumphantly up the street, the policeman at length stood face to face with the Italian.

"Been here long enough. Move on!" he said, swinging his club around in a circle by the strap.

"Alla right, Mister Policeesaman. But why for you not movea the girila on the corner? She stay alla daya," said the indignant vender.

"Oh, she's all O. K.! That's Nancy. She's a cripple. Don't you see that, you Dago?"

"Bah! Ees there a lawa for theesa one and no for me? It is nota fair,—this country havea no justeece for me," continued the Italian.

"You'll have justice enough," replied the policeman in a lordly manner, "if you don't soon clear out of this. Move on now! Git!"

The black-browed Italian began to push his wagon farther up the street, at the same time muttering something in his own language, evidently not intended to be complimentary to the representative of law and order.

On the corner indicated by the ice-cream seller stood a dilapidated flat push-cart, on which were a few sad and sodden-looking oranges, and three or four dozen still more forlorn-looking, black-skinned bananas. On the curb close to the push-cart were three small bundles of evening papers, each bundle being weighted by a goodly-sized stone to keep it from being blown away.

By the crossbar of the cart, with her back to her wares, stood, or rather leaned, a girl about twelve years old. She was as beautiful as an angel. Her large blue eyes would be the envy of an empress. Around a face as clear and as regular as a Greek's fell long golden curls of a bright, joyous yellow. These curls were not the ordinary modern ringlets or frizzes, but full, large, and such as one rarely sees now save in pictures of nearly half a century ago. The child was lame, either from some hip disease or spinal injury. She had the use of one leg, the other being atrophied and helpless.

Many people on the busy thoroughfare stopped to gaze at the child's wonderful loveliness. She at such times, with an eye to business, would cry out: "Oranges! bananas! evenin' papers!" Then the ex-

quisite vision would fade, the spell of her beauty be broken. The moment the delighted mother or the young lady of æsthetic tastes heard the child's voice, all remembrance of her real loveliness vanished. Why? For a peculiar reason, which was also a misfortune.

The girl had the most rasping, croaking voice that, perhaps, was possible to come from a human throat. Whether the unfortunate girl's vocal cords had been injured from exposure in all weathers, whether it was natural to her, or a gradual degeneration arising from constant shouting necessarily connected with her avocation, it is difficult to determine. It is equally difficult to give my readers an adequate idea of what that voice was like. You must imagine a combination of all the unpleasant sounds of which the human voice is capable, and then you may form some idea of this vocal phenomenon.

Nancy McSweeney was a well-known character at this particular down-town intersection of the streets. She was almost an institution. A kind-hearted newspaperman had taken an interest in her, secured for her the push-cart, and had arranged that she should be supplied with the morning and evening papers for sale. With this assistance she was enabled to eke out some sort of existence. Many lawyers going or coming from their offices dropped her pennies for papers. She was allowed the privilege for a short time each morning and afternoon of selling papers on the Board of Trade. The men of the "pit"—the grain-pit, of course—knew her well and often patronized her. Young lawyers, taking a rich client to

lunch at the local Delmonico, would invariably stop and speak to Nancy for the enjoyment of seeing the client's surprise at the combination of such wonderful beauty and such a hideous voice.

All the "street merchants"—alias newsboys—for blocks around, knew the girl well. Whether it was owing to her beautiful golden tresses and lustrous eyes, or to the fact that she was a girl and a cripple, or both of these causes, there existed among these untutored ones—these diamonds in the rough—a species of chivalry, of respect for her. No one would think of encroaching upon her territory of that particular corner. Her chief customers for her faded fruits, should they not have become too bad, were these same urchins. There was a tradition in Newspaper Alley that more than one of these ragamuffins had once or twice put "business" in her way by directing intending purchasers to her stand, heroically sheering off with an armful of papers unsold.

Nancy had a clientele, as has been said, on the Board of Trade and in a few law offices in the same building. Such an important business connection necessitated her absence from her push-cart once in the morning and again in the afternoon. This she would have been unable to manage had it not been for the positive chivalry of one newsboy who will have a great deal to do with this story, and around whose fortunes centres its chief interest.

Punctual as the sun, rain or shine, this boy took charge of Nancy's apology for a fruit-stand for half an hour immediately after the opening "call" of the Chamber of Commerce, and again as soon as the first

edition of the afternoon papers appeared on the streets. Never was knight truer to the memory of his lady fair than was this boy to his self-imposed task of "giving the gal a show."

The boys "joshed" him unmercifully about it. In the language of the street and the vocabulary of the gutter they laughed at, chaffed, and teased him; but he remained firm to his purpose. It is true that he was a little taller, a little more solidly built than most of his co-merchants. This may have tended to create some respect for his words and deeds. It did not, however, shield him from the shafts of their wit. He stood all gibes and sarcasms with unflinching stoicism, retaliating or "giving chase" only when the innuendoes were too cutting to bear with and retain his self-respect. At such times the smaller members of the fraternity sought safety in the swiftness of their legs.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE KNIGHT OF THE PRINCESS.

THE lad whose chivalrous actions have been described was a little over fourteen years of age. He was not particularly tall for his years, but solidly built, with good broad shoulders; a firm, well-rounded pair of legs, which had done good service in many an escapade; and a shock-head of wavy black hair. He was too young to affect the "football style" which cultivates long hair that is always getting into the owner's eyes, necessitating a constant backward toss of the head, much resembling the movement of a driving horse annoyed by too tight a check rein. His head was well shaped: indeed, it reminded one of the head of Mendelssohn as represented in the steel engraving of that celebrated musician. The eye-brows were large and very black; the dancing eyes were black as two sloes. The regular nose had dilated, thin nostrils, indicating large sensitiveness. The mouth was large for a boy of his age. Owing to a natural neatness, the teeth were well preserved and pearly white. In fact, the laughing teeth of Harry Stanley Russell gained him many friends. There was a nobility in the broad, white forehead. Rather large and well-squared jaws, such as character readers

claim to be indicative of determination, complete the picture.

As Russell stood at Nancy's fruit store, a few minutes after the irate Italian had been driven away on the hot afternoon in July with which our story opens, he was dressed with more care than the average news-boy, although the clothes he wore were old, and here and there gave evidence of having been neatly patched and well brushed. On his head was a many-colored tartan cap. His clothes were of a dark color; although there were one or two holes in his black stockings, showing white stockings beneath, his whole appearance was one of tidiness and of a mother's care. His stout, thick-soled shoes were polished, but this was probably not the boy's fault: it merely indicated maternal supervision.

As Nancy's temporary substitute kept watch over her stock-in-trade during her absence, crying the usual newspaper cries with a rich, musical voice, and generously selling the girl's papers, while his own were untouched under his arm, a passer-by would wonder why such a boy should be engaged in such an occupation. If the same passer-by were observant, he would come to the conclusion that there was something quite out of the common in the history of this boy: that there would probably be an interesting tale to unfold if one could but get at it; for it was plain that the boy was not a street Arab nor one of those who are commonly known as "alley rats."

"Evenin' pa-pers! Evenin' pa-pers! All about the war!" rang out Russell's clear, shrill voice, time and again, above the din of the street traffic,

Waiting for a car a lawyer, a regular customer of Nancy, came to the stand.

"Where's the golden-haired beauty?" asked the lawyer.

"Gone to speculate on the Board of Trade," replied the boy facetiously; and added quickly: "Paper, sir,—paper?"

"But I want one of hers," said the man of law.

"Of course. I never sell my own while she's gone."

"You don't!" The intending purchaser looked surprised.

"Naw! 'Tain't my stand,—see? I just take her place for a little while, 'cause she's a cripple."

"And you give her all you make while she's away?"

"'Course I do. What d'ye take me for? 'Tain't my papers that's sold, is it? Paper, sir,—paper?"

"Well, now, I call that good of you. You're a clever lad."

Harry began to squirm and blush and wriggle, as a real boy always does when complimented.

"But perhaps she's your sister?"

"The Princess my sister! Well, I guess not." And the boy's merry laugh rang clear across the street. This time the purchaser looked a little confused.

"But isn't the girl any relation of yours?" he went on.

"Nit! Why, sir, Nancy lives down in Cat Alley!"

That fact, in Harry's mind, ought to satisfy the lawyer conclusively. It was not, however, so convincing to the lawyer, who had not the slightest notion where the boy or the cripple lived.

"Well, I'm going to give you ten cents for a paper."



The lawyer helped himself to one from the curbstone.

"Now, what will you do with the extra nine cents?"

"It's her paper you bought, eh?" asked the boy, after he had thought for a minute.

"Yes."

"Well, then, the price you paid for it, whatever it was, belongs by right to Nan. See?"

"That's decidedly good! My boy, if you keep on this way you'll be president of the United States yet."

"Ye're giving me taffy, ain't yer?" replied the boy; and then, as if his conscience upbraided him for neglecting business, he shouted loud and clear: "Papers! Evenin' papers!"

This duty to the absent one being done, he turned to the lawyer again.

"Ye're fond of 'joshing' a kid, ain't yer?" And, without waiting for an answer, he shouted to a rival newsboy whom he had that moment espied and who had the temerity to invade the sanctity of Nancy's particular corner:

"Here, you kid, clear out of this! This 'ere corner belongs to the Princess. Every kid knows that. Skip out now! D'ye hear?"

The interloper either did not hear or did not intend to admit any proprietary rights in the matter. He continued to call his wares. He was soon doing a rushing business.

Harry Stanley Russell looked anxiously up the street to the next block, where the Chamber of Com-

merce was located, to see if there were any signs of Nancy. She was nowhere in sight. Meanwhile the invader was selling his papers with that rapidity which is supposed to accompany the disposal of hot cakes.

"Look here, kid! You just quit!" said Harry from the fruit stand.

There was no response from the kid. Russell could not stand this. To the surprise of the lawyer, the boy said, without ceremony:

"Here, sir, you just hold my papers. I'll settle his hash for him!"

And before the disciple of Blackstone could realize what was happening he was the unexpected custodian of a bundle of fifty papers.

The lawyer was a student of human nature. He often declared he found most of his subjects of study on the streets. Here was something quite out of the ordinary. He rather enjoyed the situation. Not for a moment did he consider whether he was aiding and abetting a street disturbance; at the moment he had no thought of fines and penalties: he was too interested in watching the knight defend the rights of the cripple.

Harry clinched his teeth. The set of his strong jaw showed that he meant business. Going up to the intruder, he coolly said:

"Look here, young fellow, this corner belongs to a poor crippled girl, and no newsboy ever comes on her ground."

"Don't they now! Well, I *come* and I'm here to *stay*. D'ye mind that?"

"But you won't be let,—we won't let you," said Harry.

"I'd like to see any one stop me. No dood news-boy will, that's sure. Papers! Evenin' papers!"

But his sales had ceased. A number of people had gathered to hear the dispute. Several of the acquaintances of the prominent lawyer, seeing a pile of papers under his arm, and aware of his somewhat eccentric character, stopped to see the end.

"Will you clear out?" said Russell.

"Papers, gentlemen—evenin' papers!" cried the invader; but no one bought any more from him.

"Will you clear out?—twice!" said Russell firmly.

No reply. Yet, somehow, the stranger did not altogether like the determined look in the other boy's face.

"Will you clear out?—three times!"

The three warnings having been given in accordance with the boyish notion of that honor which forbids the taking of an enemy unawares, Harry Russell squared off and struck a blow at the boy's face right from the shoulder. The fighting attitude of the champion, as well as the manner in which the blow was given, gave sufficient proof that whatever else Harry Russell had done, or however long or short a time he had been a newsboy, he had evidently learned how to box, and had formerly made good use of the gloves.

The boy attacked was about Harry's size. He was by no means a coward: he had squared off as soon as he saw the other meant "business." Now it can be easily understood that a stand-up fight on

a busy thoroughfare of a large city could only be a matter of a few briefest moments—say, for the time it would take a policeman to walk leisurely from one corner of the block to another. The boys knew this. Consequently they lost no time. Blows fell rapidly and heavily. Harry Stanley Russell felt that he was fighting for a principle, and this added weight to his blows and vigor to his arm. A great many blows can be given and taken in half a minute. Quite enough were given by Russell to prove incontestably that he was the conqueror, and to make the other boy realize the sacredness of that particular corner to him hereafter. He cried "Quits!" just as another delighted tot of a newsboy, who had rushed up to see the show, called out excitedly:

"Cheese it! The cop!" and then skipped away again into safety.

The defeated boy, hurriedly gathering his papers, retreated with more haste than dignity. The policeman when he arrived—perhaps he was well pleased to be a moment too late, for he had boys of his own—was, or feigned to be, surprised at seeing a prominent lawyer, whom he knew well, handing a large bundle of evening papers to Russell with one hand, while he patted him on the back with the other.

"You are a brave boy!" said the lawyer. "Look there across the street!" pointing to his own name on a second-story office window. "That's my office. Any time you want help or advice, just drop in there. Here is half a dollar for you."

The lawyer moved off with some friends, laughing and chatting, well pleased with the incident of the

day. The crowd dispersed as quickly as it had formed. The burly policeman, although everybody was now moving, shouted: "Move on there! Don't block up the sidewalk." But, then, you know, he had to show his authority.

When the traffic on the corner had assumed its normal condition, and Nancy had again taken possession of her stand, and with raucous voice had heartily thanked Harry for the extra pennies, the good-natured policeman came up to the boy.

"Here now, lad, you tell me what it was all about."

Harry, who was applying a not over-clean handkerchief, which he had dampened at a passing watering cart, to a very much puffed eye, quietly told the man of the club and the brass buttons the whole story. Then there was a brief silence.

"And you actually fought in defence of Nan?" asked the man.

"No: I fought for the girl's rights on this corner."

"It's a good job for you that I was across the street and a block away, or you would have had a ride in the patrol, sure!"

But there was a merry, kindly twinkle in the big man's eyes.

## CHAPTER III.

### HARRY'S UNKNOWN FRIENDS.

JAMES HAYLON, the clever lawyer and somewhat eccentric student of human nature, was not the only interested witness of the quick-time contest between the newsboys. A business man who owned a large store not far from Nancy's corner was a looker-on at the fight. He was well acquainted with the little crippled girl. Recently he had learned of the gentlemanly conduct of Harry Russell. It was, therefore, with the greatest interest he watched from his own door the dispute between the guardian and the intruder. He became too interested to watch at a distance; as soon as the crowd had gathered he made one of it. The satisfaction in seeing the lame girl's advocate become her victorious defender he enjoyed with a boyish glee, notwithstanding that age was creeping on him, turning his hair white at the fright of its approach. Somewhere beneath the top button of his vest he still had a very youthful heart, which bounded in exultation that generosity and unselfishness should have proved victorious.

He laughed heartily at seeing the predicament of Lawyer Haylon. Edging up to him through the crowd, he said:

"Do you not know, Haylon, that all aiders, abet-

tors, seconds, and any others who give encouragement to duellers fall under the Church's ban of ex-communication?"

"By jingo—St. Gingoulph, I mean—that was a fine blow, Longstreet! That boy's plucky! Isn't he now?"

"Gone into the newspaper business, Haylon? Law practice so dull that you want to turn an honest penny?" continued the merchant.

"There's something about that boy I like," answered the lawyer, paying no attention to Mr. Longstreet's joking. "The way he made me hold these papers was simply—well, unique. Don't suppose there's another person, man or boy, in the whole city who could make me do such a thing again—ha! good!—good for you, boy! That's the way to settle him." And in another second he was restoring the papers to the boy and patting him on the back, as we have described in the previous chapter.

Mr. Longstreet did not speak to Harry at the time. The boy was in great good luck to have interested two prominent men in him. After events proved that Mr. Longstreet's friendship dated from that fight.

The merchant was a remarkable man in many ways. A thoroughly good and practical man, he was ever on the watch to do a kindness. He was a sharp, shrewd business man who had met with large success. Although he kept about fifty clerks and workmen in his store, he took some time each day to find an opportunity to do a little good to some one, taking care to hide from his left hand what his right was doing. No one, except the angels and perhaps his

parish priest, knew how many homes in the more squalid districts were made happier through his quiet, unassuming visits. One of his chief pleasures was to educate worthy boys for the sacred calling of the priesthood, or for the learned professions, if his protégés, after fair trial, found they had no vocation to the ministry.

In appearance he was rather disappointing. He was of medium height, slim, and with pointed features. His sharp chin was adorned with a sparse "goatee," cheeks slightly sunken and cheekbones high. There was benevolence in his eyes, but his hair always had an Ash-Wednesday look. Slow and cautious of speech, he appeared to be always weighing his words. He had a shrill, high voice and laughed in a high key; but the laugh was so joyous and infectious that it at once told the hearer that the man's heart was in the right place.

The day following the little scene on Broadway the merchant walked over to Mr. Haylon's office.

"Good morning, Mr. Newsboy!"

"Ha! ha! that's just what my wife called me first thing this morning. Strange, eh?"

"Not at all. I suppose you told her of the exalted dignity conferred upon you and the immense confidence reposed in you yesterday by young Russell?"

"Not a bit of it! I never said a word at home about it."

"No? How did she learn of it, then?" asked the merchant.

"The morning paper. See! I awoke this morning to find myself famous. Look at this."



The lawyer, with great gusto and with as much amusement as a schoolboy would derive from it, read aloud an amusing and well-worked up account of the affair. The skit was decidedly clever and withal very good-natured. The reporter had probably secured the item from the policeman of that beat; for that official figured much more conspicuously in the narrative than in the event. Haylon rubbed his hands and chuckled at the humor of the account.

"James," said Mr. Longstreet, "I have been thinking about that boy Russell. Couldn't we do something for him—better the lad in some way?"

The lawyer dropped his really boyish enthusiasm on the instant. His healthy mental vigor and equipoise enabled him in a moment to be all earnestness.

"Eh! what's that?"

"Couldn't we do something for that lad?" repeated the merchant.

"Don't know, I'm sure. Perhaps he isn't worth it, after all. What do you know about him?"

"Nothing more than you do. But somehow I like his looks. He has a fine, open face, and I believe him to be a good boy."

"Yes, yes," said Haylon, "so do I. He's above the ordinary run of newsboys, that's sure. He's brave, without a doubt. His kindness to the cripple is—'unique in the annals of newspaper boydom,'"—quoting from the morning paper's account.

"That's true. I think I shall do something for him," said Longstreet.

"Halves! havers!" said Haylon, after the fashion

of the typical schoolboy solicitous for the equitable division of the stolen apple.

From this little dialogue it may be understood that Mr. Longstreet was not the only one addicted to good deeds. The lawyer's cry of "havers" was a claim to share in part of the expenses and merit of the proposed good work. These two had gone through college together, had been chums and friends ever since, sharing each other's confidences in many a kindly deed. In their private, off-guard confabs both frequently dropped into their schoolboy lingo of long ago.

"What shall it be?" asked Haylon.

"Rockland."

"Nonsense, man! You are crazy! How in the name of common sense can you get him into Rockland College—a street newspaper boy? One would think you had never been to college, George, nor had the faintest notion of the requirements for admission."

Mr. Longstreet was nonplussed for the moment. He admitted the difficulty.

"Somehow, I have a notion," he said after a considerable pause, "that the boy is above his present station. I think there is good stuff in him."

"I believe there is," replied the other.

"Very well, I'll make some inquiries."

"Do; but, mind you, I go halves in this. You can not have everything your own way."

"We'll see about that later," said Mr. Longstreet laughingly. "In the meantime I shall try to find out where he lives."

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE RUSSELLS.

THAT afternoon the philanthropic Mr. Longstreet was surprised to discover that Harry Russell was not present at Nancy's fruit and paper stand as was usual with him. This was the first time the merchant had known the boy to be absent since he began to take notice of him.

In his place stood a "small edition" of Harry, evidently a younger brother. This was Longstreet's conclusion; for the little fellow had similar features, as fine and open a countenance, and the same determined look about the mouth and jaws.

"Hello, sonny! Where's Nancy the golden-haired?" asked Mr. Longstreet.

"Gone on her rounds in the Chamber of Commerce, sir."

"And who are you?"

"Clarence Jennings Russell, sir."

"Brother of the boy who comes here twice a day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where do you live?"

The boy gave the address of a cottage down by the railway tracks in the poorest, noisiest, and most squalid part of the town.

"Where is he?"

The youngster hesitated to reply. He stood unconsciously squeezing one of the black-rind bananas until the pulpy substance inside oozed out at the ends.

"Where's your brother, sonny?"

"Mamma wouldn't let him come. She found out that he was fightin' yesterday and was nearly run in."

"And so she punished him to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't he tell her why he fought?"

"He told nothin'. Granny Lawson heard about it from her Mike, and she ran over the tracks in a hurry, with her apron over her head, and told mamma all about it. She was awful frightened, 'cos she thought Harry'd been 'rested and put in jail."

"But didn't your brother tell your mother?"

"Never said nothin' t'er. He told me all about it, though; an' that's why I come here to take his place to-day. He's got an awful black eye, too."

Mr. Longstreet smiled, well contented. That evening before sundown he rapped at the door of the poor, tumble-down cottage which for the present the Russells called "Home." Squalid and uninviting as was the exterior, Mr. Longstreet was not prepared for what he saw inside.

The door was opened in answer to his knock by a poorly but neatly dressed woman of about forty-five. She looked frail and delicate, with already streaks of gray in her hair. Every word and every movement indicated a culture and a refinement sadly out of keeping with her surroundings. There was a look of patient resignation on her face, the reason for which we shall soon learn.

As she opened the door the visitor saw there was a look of anxiety on her face. Visitors in her locality were rare. They comprised chiefly the rent and tax collectors and collection agents. She feared all these men—they were so heartless. She stood, still holding the door-knob, a slight quiver on her lips and upper eyelids.

Mr. Longstreet, in his various pilgrimages about the city doing good, like his Master, had gained much practical knowledge of human suffering. He could tell at a glance the real gentlewoman. He was well acquainted with the martyrdom of those in reduced circumstances who, with legitimate pride, shun the public gaze. His going about had long ago taught him the difference between the mendacity which unblushingly asks without hesitation and takes greedily without thanks, and the poverty which is a new experience.

In the womanly woman—the gentlewoman—before him the merchant saw none of the signs of culpable want, but abundant manifestations of an apparently undeserved impoverishment. He hastened to make known his mission. Raising his hat, he said:

“You will pardon my intrusion, but am I addressing Mrs. Russell?”

With a slight sigh of relief, she assured him that he was. The relief came from the manner of his address. Dunning agents, who live on their commissions, are not so careful in their speech. Mr. Longstreet always remembered that “charity is kind.”

He was invited to enter the one small living room,

which bore evidences of a woman's taste—a pretty chintz over the old sofa, spotless window blinds, a small shelf of finely-bound books not yet sacrificed, a dash of color here and there, and absolute cleanliness.

Mrs. Russell waited with the tact of the well-trained for the visitor to unfold the object of his visit. He told it with a delicacy born of Christian charity. So ingenious was he in this virtue that to a less observant woman than Mrs. Russell it would appear that the mother would be the one conferring the benefit in allowing her son to be sent to Rockland College to be educated.

"What claim have I on you, Mr. Longstreet, for so much benevolence?" she asked.

"To be plain," he replied, with a pleasant laugh, "none whatever. But you do this. You give me an opportunity of riding a hobby of mine. As I am well able—thanks be to God!—well able to gratify my whim, I shall be very much pleased if you will allow me to carry out my plans."

Harry's mother bowed gracefully. She admired the visitor's delicate manner of offering substantial assistance.

"Such a generous offer from you deserves a perfect confidence on my part. You may be surprised to see us in such poverty-stricken circumstances. I will tell you the reason. During our conversation you have doubtless heard some one hammering and beating on metal. That is my husband at work in a shed in the rear of the cottage."

"Working at this time of the evening!" said Mr. Longstreet, surprised.

"Yes. I must give him credit: he is most industrious—spares himself no labor. He has, alas! an infatuation, now amounting almost to a mania, for inventing something. Unfortunately for us, most—all, in fact—of his inventions have turned out to be hopeless failures. Still he keeps at his work, which so far is entirely unremunerative. He is a first-class mechanic. Until two years ago he held the position of master mechanic in a large manufactory down in the State. For several years he has had the notion that he could invent a certain electrical machine which would make our fortune. This idea took such hold on him that it appears to me to be similar to the fascination of alcohol or of speculation in another. Two years ago, owing to giving more time and attention to his notions than to the firm's business, he lost his position. Then we came here. Since then his savings of several years have disappeared little by little. At present our outlook is black enough. His infatuation is such that we have gradually descended in the social scale until you see us in the condition in which we now are. Of course, any time fortune may turn our way, but—"

"But why do you not insist that he try to secure steady work, and give only his spare time to his inventions?" interrupted the visitor.

She paused. After a moment or two, during which time she gave a rapid glance at the crucifix on the wall of the small room, she answered slowly, with a slight quiver in her voice:

"He—is—my—husband."

Mr. Longstreet understood all with the quickness

born of the desire to help. Not without having formed a definite plan of action, he changed the subject.

"Where is Harry?"

"You know him, sir?" she inquired, surprised.

"Oh, yes! I have known him for several months."

"Indeed!"

"Yes: to tell the truth, I think a great deal of the boy."

The fond mother blushed, partly with pleasure at hearing her child well spoken of; partly through pain, for she saw that she would have to tell her visitor of the disgraceful street fight.

"Where is he?"

"I—am—afraid he is not presentable this evening."

Poor mother's pride!

"Not presentable! What's the matter? Nothing worse than a black eye, is it?"

"Then you know about the—the disgraceful affair!"

She was much distressed.

"Disgraceful nothing, Mrs. Russell!" said Longstreet, laughing loudly. "It was the manliest, pluckiest thing I have ever seen a boy do. It made him a hero in my eyes. Disgraceful! Dear me! How could that be when he had for second one of the most prominent lawyers in town?"

"Why—how, sir! I really do not understand."

She was quite bewildered.

"My dear Mrs. Russell, do you not know the *cause* for which he fought? It was a piece of pure chivalry, worthy of the Middle Ages."

Harry Stanley Russell had, with true modesty, re-



frained from divulging to his mother any particulars of his battle royal. She was much mollified when she heard all the particulars, and finally consented to call him.

After laughing heartily at his young friend's black eye—it was very black, although not much swollen—Mr. Longstreet learned with a good deal of satisfaction that Harry had received quite sufficient instruction before adverse circumstances had forced him to become a street merchant to be admitted to the academic department of Rockland College. He had “graduated” from the eighth grade at a splendidly equipped parish school, and had even attended a high school for a few months. This grading would enable him to be admitted to the academic department of Rockland. Passing successfully through the three academic classes, he would be admitted in three years to the college, and then have a right to the title of collegian.

## CHAPTER V.

### ROCKLAND COLLEGE.

It was a great day in Harry Russell's life when on the 27th of August, for the first time, he walked up the long flight of steps and timidly rang the front-door bell. The heavy oak door was swung back by an ancient porter, whose face had been the object for old Time's pencilling for eighty years. He was short in stature but quite active still. He had a large head and a prominent nose. Were it not for a pleasant musical voice and a kind, fatherly manner, the timid boy might easily have imagined that he was the ogre who guarded this castle of learning.

"What do you want, please?" asked the porter, as Harry stood speechless before him.

Entering college, thought Harry, was quite a different thing from fighting for Nancy's rights. To tell the truth, just at the present moment, had he a choice in the matter, he would have preferred the latter occupation.

"I want to see the head—the president of this college, if you please."

"Oh! you are a new boy, are you? Come in. Sit down here in the parlor. The president is now seeing other new boys and you must take your turn. He

won't keep you waiting long. Here are three other boys waiting to see him."

Harry Russell glanced nervously at the other three "youths." Owing to the nervous condition of all of them, none made any advances toward better acquaintance. Harry sat down on the edge of a chair and held his hat between his knees. He felt every now and then at his pocket to make sure that the letter of introduction which Mr. Longstreet had given him for the president was safe. In half an hour Harry's turn came.

"Come now," said the porter. He led him to the president's office.

"Come in!" Harry heard in response to his knock, given in a deep, cheerful, hearty tone. A moment later the boy stood in the presence of the head of Rockland College, with whom he was to be so intimately acquainted for several years.

Somehow or other, the "new boy" had expected to find the head a severe-looking man, with birch or ferule close at hand ready for immediate execution. He found quite the opposite of all this. He stood before a ruddy-faced gentleman, whose eyebrows and hair were perfectly white, and whose pleasant smile and hearty, winning ways would capture any boy's heart.

"So you are Harry Stanley Russell!" said the President, after reading the letter of introduction. "Glad to make your acquaintance, my boy. I hope we shall be great friends. How old are you, Harry?"

"Fifteen next Christmas, Father."

"So! You will be a man when you graduate,

Harry. Let us go and see the prefect of studies. He will examine you, and perhaps you can save one year out of the seven. Before I put you into his hands I wish to give you a word of advice. You are about to enter upon a new career. You will be required to study very hard; but still I do not think that mere book-learning alone makes educated men. Much more than this is expected of our boys—manliness, honesty, reverence for holy things, and respect for and obedience to authority. Do you think, Russell, that you can come up to our standard?"

Harry raised his head. He was already captivated and completely under the president's influence. He looked the speaker full in the face with a genuinely open, honest expression.

"I mean to try, Father," he answered.

"That's good. That pleases me very much,—much more than if you had promised absolutely. Well, my boy, do not be afraid to come to me with any of your difficulties and trials. I want you to let me be your friend. I shall always be glad to see you. Now, let us go and find Father Henley."

Rockland was a splendidly equipped college. Harry noticed as he passed through the corridors, the various class rooms, chemical laboratory, science rooms, library, reading-rooms, and the museum. For his age the boy was more or less of an original thinker. His chief impression just at the moment was thankfulness to Mr. Longstreet, whose kindness had secured for him these advantages. He knew that in a few days all these treasures would be open to him. He was a great reader. When he caught sight of the im-

mense cases of inviting books in the students' library, his eyes fairly bulged with anticipated pleasure.

"I think we can put this young man into the special class, Father. Will you kindly examine him at once and see if he is fit for it?" said the president.

Harry Russell was found to be sufficiently proficient for the special Latin class. He had some knowledge of algebra and of the elements of Latin. His accomplishments in Greek were very slight, indeed, he could scarcely write the alphabet as yet.

The boy was delighted with all he saw and heard. There was that about the professors and officials of the college which pleased him. He felt sure that he would make some fast friends among them. He determined to deserve both their friendship and their esteem. The prefect of studies gave him a printed list of the books he would be required to supply himself with, and told him to be on hand on the first Monday in September.

Russell went home with his mind filled with delightful anticipations. It had been the desire of his life to enter college. He meant to make the most of his opportunities. Owing to domestic difficulties, of which the reader has already had a passing glimpse, Harry was just in that condition to take full advantage of the training which a sound Catholic college offers. Did he reap the full benefit of his opportunities? Well, we shall see as this story progresses.

The new student liked the look of the few boys he had seen at college. He had not seen many of the old boys, because there had been no occasion for them to report thus early. They were not due until

the following week. Situated on a considerable eminence overlooking the city, Rockland was of noble proportions. Harry, as he was passing out of the iron gates, turned and looked with pleasure at the noble gray stone front. He was proud of being associated ever so remotely with such an institution.

With a light heart he went down to the scene of his former labors. As he walked a difficulty arose in his mind which he could not solve satisfactorily. The longer he thought the more puzzled he became. He was thinking of his protectorate over Nancy's territory.

In the midst of his perplexity he caught sight of his whilom antagonist in the battle of the fruit stand. The boy frankly admitted his defeat by keeping a safe distance from Russell.

"Come here!" said Harry. "I want to speak to you."

"Not by a j—. Honest, though?" asked the other boy.

"Yes, honest. I want to say something to you."

"No tricks?"

"No. I'll act square. Come here!"

The boy came slowly, suspiciously, expecting to be caught by some subterfuge. Seeing Harry hold out his hand as a token of amity, he took courage and finally grasped it and shook it.

"Dat's all right—no ill-feelin's?"

"None," replied Harry. "I want to explain how it was I had to fight you."

"Oh! dat's all hunky, guv'nor! I felt sort o' mean takin' dat 'ere gal's ground. Dunno what got into

me dat afternoon. Fur I knows as well as you dat Nancy owns dat corner all by her lonely. Ain't 'nother paper kid in the *hull* city ud do as I did dat day."

"And you won't disturb her any more?"

"Bet-cher life I won't. You hit too hard—dat's one of de reasons. Then 'tain't proper, anyway. The gal's got to live, see?"

"Glad you feel that way," said Harry; "because after this I shall not be there any more."

"Cracky! why not? Tired o' yer job?"

"No, but I'm going to college," said the boy, proudly.

"Jiminy-cracky!" said the other, "but that's great! Wish I was!"

With a perfect understanding they parted. The question was settled with regard to this particular invader. But how about others? His difficulty was still with him.

"Ah, that's the thing! Mr. Haylon said if I wanted help or advice I was to go to him. Guess I want advice the worst kind of way just now."

And Harry made straight for the lawyer's office.

"Halloo, my young pugilistic friend!" said Lawyer Haylon, as the boy entered his office, cap in hand.

Russell bowed and blushed; then he squirmed about, boy-like, and looked as if he had never fought in all his life.

"What can I do for you, my lad?" said the lawyer kindly, looking at the boy's handsome face.

"You said, sir, that if I wanted advice I might come to you."

"Certainly. Glad you have come. What's the trouble? Wait—come into my private consulting room."

Presently, when both were seated, the lawyer said: "Now?"

"Mr. Longstreet is going to send me to Rockland College, sir."

"Yes? You don't say! I am glad to hear that."

He pretended to be surprised at the news. He was pleased that Longstreet had been successful in their proposed plan; not so satisfied, however, that his friend had allowed him no share in the good deed. Making a mental note to the effect that he had a big bone to pick with his old college chum, he remarked to Harry:

"Well, lad, what do you want? Do you want me to procure an injunction against flogging at Rockland? Well, injunctions are the easiest things in the world to get nowadays."

"That's all right, Mr. Haylon. Guess I won't get any whipping—if I take care."

"What's the trouble, then?"

"I'm thinking about Nancy, the paper girl. Who'll take my place for her?"

"U-um! that's the matter, is it?"

"You see, sir, I can't give up my chances for an education just to help her twice a day. But yet—"

And the boy stopped short in his perplexity. Mr. Haylon, too, remained silent. He was thinking. At last he hit upon a plan.

"See here, Harry. You take a great interest in this girl."



"I do, sir: she's lame."

"This is what I think we can do to settle the business. I will supply the capital—issue bonds or mortgage my wife's jewels if necessary—I will supply the capital, and I think I can get the requisite permission from the directors of the Chamber of Commerce. We will then set up the Princess in business in papers, fruits, candies, and cigars, too, on the ground-floor corridor of that building. You shall appear to do it all."

Harry's eyes glistened at the prospect of being able to help the poor girl.

"Gosh! that's a puddin'!" said Harry, dropping into the slang of Newspaper Row in an unguarded moment. "But, Mr. Haylon, you know if we say it's *me*, she'll know it's all a fake. She knows very well that *I* couldn't stock a candy store."

"O wisdom! O prudence! O foresight!" said the lawyer. "Of course, of course. I'll tell you what we'll do. We will put in the stand and furnish it, and then all of a sudden we will rush down upon the Princess and install her in her dominions. It'll be fine, eh?"

The enthusiastic and, as we have said before, somewhat eccentric lawyer was as jubilant over the scheme as was Harry Russell. In less than a week the plan was successfully carried out.

"Now about your own affairs, Harry Stanley Russell. Have you any money?"

Russell hung his head and answered in the negative.

"And you have a set of text-books to buy?"

"Yes, sir. I have been thinking that perhaps I

could earn enough money for that before college opens."

"We won't worry about that. You must let me get your books to start you with. Oh, I know how to do it! I have been through the dear old college. That's all settled, Harry. Come here and get them to-morrow morning. Now, I am going to start you properly at college," said the generous man of the law. "I've been through the business and I know what I am talking about. There are many little incidental expenses, such as gymnasium fees, baseball and football fees, school play and concert tickets, reading-room fees, and so forth. All these things have, of course, to be supported by those for whom they have been instituted. You will find a few dollars very convenient. So I want you to take this ten-dollar bill; and promise me that if there should arise any unforeseen expense in your course this year which you could not meet, and which would seriously handicap you in one way or another if you did not 'go in for it,'—I want you to promise me, I say, that you will come to me and make me not only your adviser but your treasurer."

Harry gratefully accepted the offer so nicely put, feeling that he could do so without any loss of self-respect. Nor would Haylon hear of his "working out" the money. Exacting a promise from Harry that, irrespective of cash needs, he would come frequently and tell him all about the present-day college life of Rockland, Mr. Haylon let him go.

As he saw, from his office window, the boy go gleefully skipping across the street, say a few words to

the cripple at her stand, and then go hopping along down Broadway, he said to himself:

"I'll get even with that Longstreet—see if I don't! The idea! leaving me out of this altogether. Wonder how the boy will turn out? Somehow, I believe he has the right stuff in him."

Whether Russell was all right remains to be seen. At the present he certainly was to be considered a very lucky boy.

## CHAPTER VI.

### EXPERIENCES.

Boys at school or college show to the very best advantage during the first days of term. Many causes conspire to produce this salutary but, alas! too often transitory result. The novelty for the newcomer is an important factor. New faces, new class rooms, new associates, new professors tend to create in the beginning a state of affairs which would be ideal were it but permanent.

All too soon does the ideal condition disappear. In its place comes prosaic drudgery for teacher and boy, which, however necessary, sometimes ends in positive mutual dislike. In such a case, if the boy have not considerable moral stamina, his college course closes prematurely and disastrously. How many a bright prospect of a brilliant career, military, naval, legal or medical—and but too often ecclesiastical as well—has been shattered and destroyed in travelling over the fallow ground of collegiate preparation! Even in a Catholic college, where there is no costly and often fatal educational experimentation, this state of affairs may sometimes exist.

It would not be fair to say that at any time was Harry Russell in danger of ending his college career

through any incompatibility of taste or method between teacher and pupil. Yet he did experience many a decidedly unpleasant quarter of an hour in the class room.

When, after about three weeks or a month, the novelty of his surroundings had worn away, and his professor, Mr. Dalrymple, had acquired a sufficient knowledge of Russell's talents and tastes, as well as his application, the professor began to "push" the boy. For the teacher no exercise was quite good enough; no recitation, however much private study had been given to it, was wholly satisfactory; no composition or theme, however painstaking, but what was "cut to pieces."

The teacher recognized the boy's high order of talent, yet he, unfortunately, adopted this peculiar method with him. The consequence was that before very long Harry began to have a dislike for the one who should have been not his teacher only, but his counsellor and friend. Thus it came about that Harry Russell's first year of college life was by no means as pleasant as he had pictured to himself it would be.

Harry's temper was often tried. He was now old enough to realize fully the hardships entailed on the family by his father's monomania for inventions, while the domestic affairs were allowed to take care of themselves. He was often worried and anxious about his mother's failing health, caused by the incessant care to make ends meet. He even deliberated with himself whether he had not better give up the idea of a professional career, abandon his studies, and enter upon a mechanical or commercial occupa-

tion, and thus be of some pecuniary assistance at home.

In these perplexities he consulted Mr. Haylon, who always encouraged him to keep on with his studies, assuring him that domestic affairs would eventually right themselves and all would be well. Mr. Haylon did not tell the boy that in some mysterious way there came certain sums into the family exchequer through his influence. He did not tell Harry that he was paying Clarence Jennings Russell an exorbitant salary as office boy, although Harry was well aware that his brother had been taken into Mr. Haylon's employment.

All these circumstances tended to cause Harry Russell, in some undefined way, to aim less high in his studies as the months slipped by. In class and in the yard he now not unfrequently dropped into the slang of the street, often using the vocabulary he had acquired when engaged in selling papers. Yet he took corrections and penances for these lapses willingly; for at heart he was desirous of acquiring correctness of expression and a refinement of manner.

One instance of the trouble of this time will give an insight into Harry's character. Russell himself admits it was a turning-point in his career.

"My, but didn't we have a time this morning in our class room!" said Harry Russell to a group of boys in the yard during the noon recess.

"What's up? What was the fun?" asked one of the bystanders.

"Fun! Oh, bushels of it! Guess old Dalrymple won't think he has a picnic at this college."

Boys are, as a rule, fairly good judges of character. They are seldom wrong in their conclusions. Their methods of arriving at these conclusions may be faulty, perhaps; but the results are pretty accurate.

By some peculiar mental deflection, "Old Dal," as the boys nicknamed Mr. Dalrymple, had come to the conclusion that boys, and the boys of his own class in particular, were his natural enemies, with whom it was necessary to wage perpetual warfare. The boys took up the gauntlet of battle, his own class carrying on most of their operations in their own room. Marbles unaccountably fell from trousers' pockets and rolled across the floor; by some occult means books often found wings; screws in the desk lost their steadying and sustaining powers. Of course the boys disclaimed all responsibility for these misfortunes.

That morning about which Harry Russell was telling his friends, a dozen marbles had rolled across the floor just as Mr. Dalrymple was engaged in explaining the Latin accusative with the infinitive construction.

"Who did that?" asked the teacher.

Of course nobody did it.

Mr. Merrow, teacher of sciences, saw how things stood. He knew boys well. He knew also how to deal with them, having the faculty of drawing out the very best trait in each boy's character. He had the confidence of the greater number of Rockland boys.

After considering the matter for a long time, he made up his mind to take some of the boys of the

special class to task for their conduct toward their professor. Mr. Merrow was aware that the boys outside of their respective class rooms acknowledged only the regular prefects of discipline, to whom they were responsible. Nevertheless, he decided to speak to them.

By a coincidence, the yard prefect, hearing much of the late disturbances in Russell's class room, came up to the group who were discussing the latest phase of it.

"Boys," he said, "I do not think you are giving the new professor of Special a fair show."

"You don't, eh?" said Russell, somewhat rudely. "Well, I do. Didn't he declare he would subdue us—break us? Didn't he say he was master here?"

"Well, Harry, isn't he?" asked Phil Cawton, a rhetorician, "at least in his own class room."

"Not much—as yet, anyway," said Harry. "At any rate, we are prefectured enough, goodness knows, by the regular prefects, who never, if they can help it, let us out of their sight. We don't want a dozen others looking after us."

"That's right, Harry!" said another boy named Smollet. "There's too many bosses in this penitentiary"—a favorite epithet of opprobrium for Rockland by the students of the malcontent type.

Russell winced. He was a good fellow at heart. He had strong likes and dislikes. The term "penitentiary" applied to a college conducted by the best educators in the country was always offensive to him. He saw that his dislike for his professor—whose only fault, after all, was that he was somewhat pe-



cular in his methods—had thrown him among a class of boys whom he at heart despised.

His first impulse was to move away—to desert the mischievous coterie; but he did not go, chiefly because of his dislike for the man who was teaching him and who had on several occasions punished him for offenses of which he was not guilty. The memory of these unfortunate occurrences happening just at the moment determined him to remain with the group.

The more these boys talked about their supposed grievances, the angrier they became. Russell was at the moment in that dangerous state of mind when the smallest thing—the mere turn of a straw—is fraught with serious consequences. It was at this unfortunate instant that Mr. Merrow came up with his, perhaps, mistaken intention of interfering.

“Good afternoon, boys!” he said.

One lad answered curtly. The rest, contrary to their usual custom, did not respond to the salutation.

“I hear there has been trouble again in the Special.”

No one ventured a response.

“I think it is too bad. You bigger boys ought to know better—and you do. It is unlike you. Such a thing was never heard of here before. Mr. Dalrymple means well, although it may be he does not thoroughly understand you boys. Whose fault is that?”

“Guess he doesn’t want to, either,” said Harry Russell, shortly and not with the best of manners.

Mr. Merrow looked surprised.

“Why, Harry, what’s the matter with you? What has come over you of late?”

"Noth—there's nothing the matter with me!"

"What on earth—" but Mr. Merrow stopped short in his speech. The rest of the boys were now silent from sheer surprise. They had never seen their friend Harry in such a rôle before.

Harry went on, angered now by the silence; "and I'm tired of this. First one and then another! There's no peace. Here's Dalrymple been soaking me—"

"*Mister Dalrymple*, you mean."

"Mr. *Dalrymple*. He's giving me penances for nothing; then you are at me, and the prefects give us no rest. I'm getting tired of it all, and I guess I had better get out."

"Well, if your present frame of mind continues," replied Mr. Merrow, severely, "I am sure no one would regret your leaving."

With a remark that he would see Harry at a later period, Mr. Merrow walked away.

Russell, still angry with himself, was in no mood to accept the congratulations of his fellows. Disgusted at his burst of ill-mannered temper toward a man whom he really respected, he would not accept the praise of those whom he did not like. Without a word he strode away and walked alone up and down the campus until the big bell rang for class.

## CHAPTER VII.

### HOW THE CHANGE CAME.

OUR young friend was in no mood when the big bell tolled to go and study Greek for the next hour. Studying this difficult branch, most boys will be willing to admit, is not conducive to the recovery of a lost temper. The greater number regard the study of this beautiful language as a necessary evil connected with their college course, to be gone through with as little waste of the gray matter of the brain as possible. This is the capital adolescent error; and, in spite of all that has been said or written for the student's benefit, it will probably remain so until the end of time, or until we shall be able to imbibe knowledge by absorption, or by some patent electrical or other recently discovered process. So it was not surprising that the notes in Greek of the competition in the special class were low.

"I congratulate you as a class," said Mr. Dalrymple, when the session opened that afternoon, "on your proficiency in Latin. The competition showed very satisfactory results in all branches except Greek. You must brush up your Greek. Smith and Russell, you were both below sixty notes."

"That's a lie! That's not true!"

All were thunderstruck. Never had the bright-eyed Harry Russell so far forgotten himself. The boys looked up in amazement, expecting they knew not what. They seemed to be waiting for a professorial explosion of wrathful indignation. To the surprise of the boys, and, it must be confessed, somewhat to their disappointment, nothing of the kind occurred.

Russell, now crimson to the roots of his hair, was about to continue, but an imperious gesture of the professor's hand commanded silence. In a most ordinary conversational tone, without the least trace of anger or annoyance, Mr. Dalrymple remarked:

"Russell, leave the room!"

Harry began to speak again, but that commanding gesture of the right hand stopped short all attempts. Oh, that imperturbable calmness of the professor! If he would only scold! Harry began to pick up his books. Mr. Dalrymple went on calmly with the matter of the day's lesson.

When the boy had at length collected his books and papers, he cast one glance at the professor, who, had he not other purposes in view, might have strained a point and accepted the tacit, partial apology of a look. With the double inflection, first down and then up, he made use of one word:

"Go!"

The boy went out hastily. He was too much of a gentleman to use any vulgar display of displeasure, such as disturbing the others in passing or slamming the door behind him. As he closed the door he caught a glimpse of his teacher talking in his easy, subdued

tone to his class, as if nothing in the world had happened to ruffle his equanimity. Harry lingered in the corridor, ashamed to go down to the office of the prefect of studies to report his disgrace.

"Hello, Russell! What on earth are you doing out here with your books?" said that official, suddenly appearing.

"Expelled from the room, Father," replied Harry, sullenly.

"Go to my office, and I'll see you presently."

Russell waited in the office for nearly half an hour before the master of classes returned with a list of absentees. By this time the boy's anger had cooled considerably. He was beginning to be ashamed of himself.

"Now, what's all the trouble?"

"Mr. Dalrymple, Father, said my Greek competition notes were below sixty."

"Well? I am afraid that is too true."

"I told him it was a lie."

"You told him *what!*"

"It was a lie. I felt sure I made more than that number."

"Dear me! dear me! What trouble you foolish boys make for yourselves! Well, until this is settled and he consents to take you back again, you will not be excused from your lessons. I must hear his version of your offence, though your own is bad enough. You can go into that window alcove and work there; but, Harry—"

"Yes, Father?"

"Before you begin I recommend you to make a

visit to the chapel. There is some One there who can help you in this trouble better than I can."

Harry was still a little out of humor. He started for—the alcove. He then hesitated a moment and turned around to look at the speaker, but that busy individual had already left the room on some other duty.

The boy went to the chapel. He spent some time on his knees there. When he returned to the prefect's office he was in a much better frame of mind. He went to the alcove and began to work. After all, it was a pleasant place to work in. Close by was a cupboard used for storing away stationery and text-books. After a short time a timid rap was heard at the office door—probably one more "unfortunate," a candidate for condign punishment.

"Wait!" said the prefect of discipline.

He then went to the cupboard and opened the door, leaving it open in such a manner as to serve as a door or screen for the alcove, perfectly hiding Harry from any one in the room. The motive did not escape Harry Russell. He was touched.

The next morning Harry Russell went to the class-room as if nothing had happened. It was not, however, Mr. Dalrymple's intention to condone the offence so lightly. Catching sight of him in his usual place, the professor said:

"What are you doing here, Russell? You do not belong here."

Blushing with confusion, the boy retired, but without attempting to say a word. He spent the day in the office alcove. He was pleased to see that the cup-

board door was kept open all day long. That evening his ill-humor was completely gone. He had even determined to apologize to Mr. Dalrymple.

The following day Harry once more ventured into the class room. As soon as the teacher entered he stood up, and, although he was blushing frightfully, said in a manly, deferential way:

"Mr. Dalrymple, I apologize, sir, for my insulting conduct."

A gleam of pleasure shot across Mr. Dalrymple's rather careworn face. He was sure he knew his boy all along, yet he tried him still further.

"My boy, you cannot insult me, but you have insulted your class. You must apologize to it."

"Gentlemen," said Harry, bravely, without a moment's hesitation, "I apologize to you all. I was angry at the time I offered the insult; and to you, too, sir, I apologize again."

The boys gave a loud cheer. Harry Russell had always been their favorite. Mr. Dalrymple, now all smiles, put his forefinger to his lips and pointed to the transom over the door, as a warning not to make so much noise and disturb the other classes. But his "S-s-sh!" was not heard amid the applause.

"Now, boys," said the professor, as soon as he could be heard, "I forbid you, one and all, by all the pains and penalties I can think of or that you can conjure up, ever to breathe a word of this affair outside of this class room. It's a family affair, and no one else's business but ours. But, gracious!"—looking at his watch—"twenty minutes gone! Now, Smith, hurry and begin the translation of to-day's lesson."

Affairs went more smoothly with the professor after this; and Harry had the satisfaction at the end of the year of making quite a good showing, and of passing with honors into the first academic next year.

Russell became more and more popular as time went on. He was a favorite with the boys, because he was a capital first baseman in the great game. He also held the position of a quarter-back on the second football eleven.

But we pass over Harry's academic career, because it is as a Freshman—the first class of the collegiate course—that his real story begins. It was not until Harry became a Freshman that those strange events occurred to him, and those almost weird circumstances began to enmesh him, the relation of which is the reason for this story.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### AN EXCITING EVENT.

"I WONDER who told on him?" said a speaker in one of the many small clusters of boys in the college yard.

"I wouldn't like to be in that fellow's shoes, whoever he is," said another.

"Well, it knocked Grantley's chances sky-high, didn't it?" observed a third.

There was great excitement in the yard. It was noon, and three days before Christmas. The boys had just emerged from the college hall after the distribution of premiums of the holiday competition. Something quite unusual had happened at the exhibition. Many boys now stood in groups discussing the untoward event with absorbing interest, unmindful that nearly a foot of snow was on the ground, or that the thick flakes were ceaselessly falling on their caps and shoulders.

"Yes," continued the first speaker, "it knocked out Grantley, as you say, and Russell got the twenty-five-dollar prize. Well, Harry was the next best in the Freshman class, and this year that class is about as good in English as any in the college. He needs the money more than Grantley does; so perhaps, after all, it happened for the best."

The snow was too deep for any outdoor sports—even for football—yet the various knots of boys showed no inclination to leave the yard. They continued to discuss excitedly, and to give their opinions concerning a few words spoken by the president.

An unusual thing happened that day. At the beginning of the school year, a friend of the college had offered a cash prize of twenty-five dollars to be awarded at Christmas for the best English essay on St. Anselm. The prize could be competed for by any member of the four collegiate classes. Every boy in college believed that Claude Grantley, although only a Freshman, was by far the best English writer, and would easily carry off the prize.

The president created a first-class sensation that morning when, after having distributed all the class medals and premiums, he said:

“With regard to the Anselm essay prize I have this to say: In point of merit the money should go to Claude Grantley; but as an official complaint has been laid against him that he was seen copying from a book, the prize is awarded to Harry Stanley Russell, who is a very close second.”

So great was the astonishment among the boys at this announcement that they forgot to cheer the successful one—a most unusual thing. As Harry Russell walked up to the stage to receive the money, nothing was heard save a subdued hubbub of voices.

Grantley and Russell were popular boys. Many were the guesses as to who was to blame for the reporting. Seeing the deep blushes on Russell's face as he stood on the stage, many of the boys were at

first inclined to suspect him of telling on his comrade and friend; but when he stood there facing the whole college, and with an open face and fearless eye deliberately looked from side to side and from front to rear of the hall, as if challenging every one present, many began to change their rapidly formed opinion. No boy with so bright and fearless a look could be a sneak, they argued with schoolboy logic. Besides, no boy would tell on his own friend. They were at a loss to imagine who could have lodged the formal complaint. It was in consequence of their complete mystification that they lingered in the yard and about the corridors an unusually long time, discussing the *pros* and *cons* of the case.

The prefects saw it was useless to prolong the unprofitable discussion. Not being at liberty to tell all they knew, they sent the boys home with many a cheery word and kind wish for the Christmas holidays.

Claude Grantley was in no amiable frame of mind when he left the college yard. He did not care so much for the loss of the twenty-five dollars, but the president's announcement of his copying had deeply humiliated him. His pride was wounded. From an ethical point of view, he did not regard the fact of copying anything more than a penal offence at most. He told himself at the time he was willing to take the punishment if found out. So that view of the question did not disturb him, at least for the time being.

He did not stop to talk in the yard, but started for home at once. On this day the small boys, without the usual formula, "Gimme leave," pelted him un-

mercifully with snowballs. The bombardment he sulkily disregarded—something so contrary to his usual custom that it was quite evident he was not a little perturbed.

As he walked homeward he pondered deeply. Before his journey was finished he had made up his mind, by some inexplicable process, that Harry Russell must be, and was, the one who had laid the formal complaint. The more he thought over it the more angry he became. What would he not do to Russell if he were only certain!

Perhaps the bitterest moment for Grantley was when his younger sister, Ethel, ran down to meet him, saying:

"Did you get the prize, Claude? Did you win?"

"I was first in Latin, Ethie, first in rhetoric, and third in mathematics."

"Oh, that's beautiful!" exclaimed his sister, clapping her hands. "And you won the essay prize, too, of course?"

Ethel saw a dark cloud gathering over her brother's face.

"Why don't you speak, Claude? You won, didn't you?"

"No."

"O-o-oh!"

Ethel's eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"Who—who won it, then?"

"Russell."

"O-oh!" and Ethel's eyes opened wide, flashing through her tears. "Well, I just don't believe he won the prize fairly, then—there now!"

"Hush, Ethel! You mustn't say such things. There now, run into the house, like a good little girl."

"But I *will* say things—I will, I will! I don't believe it was fair, and that's what I'll tell Harry Russell the very next time I see him."

Claude Grantley did not tell her all. He had not the courage to do so. Yet, being naturally of a noble, generous disposition, he felt doubly mean when he left his sister under the impression that Russell had obtained the prize by meanness rather than that he himself had lost it by an act that was, at least, not honorable.

Christmas Eve came. During all this time the memory of his defeat had been rankling in Grantley's breast. The more he thought over the matter, the more sure he felt, that it *must* have been Russell who was the informer. Claude determined to go and "have it out" with his hitherto firm friend.

Early in the afternoon he started for the Russell's cottage. Arriving there, he gave a loud and lordly knock, strongly indicative of his ruffled frame of mind. It was the kind of knock which always gave poor Mrs. Russell the cold shivers.

The door was opened by Harry's sister, a frail little girl of twelve years,—two years younger than Claude's own sister. Her pale cheeks and large, wondering eyes, shaded by sweeping lashes, made her resemble some fair lily. Her winning ways disarmed Claude at once.

"Does Harry Russell live here?" asked Grantley, half his anger already gone.

"Yes, sir. Will you kindly come in?"

Claude walked into the little living-room. He found himself in the presence of Harry and his mother. He saw at a glance that the latter was a delicate, refined lady, whose perfect grace and even elegance of manner told him that which the reader already knows—that she was superior to her surroundings. The visitor noticed that the room was barely furnished. Already half ashamed of his errand, he was experiencing an extraordinary sense of awkwardness when Mrs. Russell remarked:

"It is kind of you, dear, to come to congratulate Harry on his success. I suppose you must have been very close to him in merit?"

"So Hal hasn't said anything about me at home! That's noble of him, at any rate," thought Claude.

"N—no—yes—that is, I did come to talk over the matter with Harry," he said aloud.

Harry was uneasy. He blushed again and again. He had a presentiment of something unpleasant about to happen. He was anxious to get his mother and sister out of the room in order to save them any annoyance, but he did not know how to manage this.

Mrs. Russell, with immediate and delicate intuition, saw that the two boys would like to be alone. With graceful tact she remarked:

"I have no doubt you two have some profound secrets to discuss. Grace and I are somewhat busy this Christmas eve, so I beg you to excuse us for a short time."

She and her daughter left the room.

## CHAPTER IX.

### "HAVING IT OUT."

WHEN the two students were left alone there was an awkward pause. Claude felt instinctively that his position was a false one. Already he had more than half repented that he had come. He was now, he thought, in such a position that he could not withdraw. He sat silently twirling his sealskin cap, not knowing how to begin.

"Well, Claude, what is it? There's something wrong, I see," said Russell.

"Yes, there is something wrong," replied Claude, "and I want to find it out. I want to find out who 'gave me away' for copying. I strongly suspect you had a hand in it."

Oh, if Harry Russell could only get over that awkward blushing! No more upright, honorable boy ever lived; but the compromising blushes *did* make him appear so guilty.

"I do not think there is any difficulty in that," he answered. "You have merely to ask the president of Rockland. He will tell you, I suppose."

"I need hardly go so far as that. One nearer home could say something, I believe, if he chose to speak."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, I do,"—sullenly.

"But do you not believe that whoever did it might have thought he was actuated by correct motives?"

"Correct motives! Humbug! Nice motives, getting a fellow publicly exposed, let alone losing the money!"

"But if one didn't earn that money fairly?"

"Who says I didn't earn it fairly? Did the professor who presided at the essay writing catch me? My offence, if any, is only penal, at most."

"Even in that case, then, you must admit that you have no cause for complaint. You suffered the penalty."

"I mean to get even with the fellow who told on me, though."

"If that is so, it is unlike you."

"Is it? What's that to do with you? You know something about this affair."

"I do."

"Ah, I thought so!" hissed Grantley between his teeth.

Both had risen and were facing each other. Russell was blushing still, though he looked frankly and fearlessly into the other's eyes. Grantley, for the moment, seemed blinded by passion.

"Sneak!" he hissed.

"Prove it," replied Russell.

"Coward!"

"Prove it."

"You are guilty of a dishonorable act," inconsistently charged Grantley; but then, passion is rarely consistent.

"Oh! Indeed! Prove it!"



"I wouldn't take the trouble to prove it to such as you," said Claude, picking up his cap and about to leave the cottage.

Russell stepped forward between him and the door.

"Excuse me, Claude! I know you are excited. Perhaps you do not mean all you say, but I cannot let this pass. You must prove your accusation to be true, or if you cannot do that—and you cannot—you must listen to me for a short time. I am sure you will acknowledge that I acted right, when you hear me, and that I am still worthy of your friendship, which I really and truly value."

As has been said, Grantley was of a really generous nature. As in the case of all generous natures his anger subsided almost as quickly as it had arisen. Instinctively he felt that Russell was in the right, but how, at present he could not see. His own innate sense of justice began to reassert itself. Suddenly there came to him the conviction of the falseness of his position. Yet the sting of the mortification he had received at the distribution remained. Between these two contending ideas the angry flash died out of his eyes. Russell saw the change gladly. He spoke again.

"Let me tell you, Claude, what I know. Then perhaps you will see my part in this affair in a different light."

The two sat down again, Harry politely offering a chair to the other.

"In the first place," Russell continued, "for my own and my mother's and my sister's sake I was

anxious to obtain the honor of winning that prize. I saw you—don't be angry!—I saw you deliberately using Rule's Life of St. Anselm during the competing for the prize. For a long time I deliberated whether I should tell on you. We had been close friends so far in our college course. That friendship, I believe, was founded on mutual esteem. By reporting you I felt that this friendship would be irrevocably sundered. But in justice to myself I resolved to do so and take the consequences. It was a great struggle. Again and again I changed my mind. Finally I concluded that I would sacrifice the honor that would accrue to me to the strength of our friendship. So you see that what the president said was not said upon information from me. I was deeply sorry that he spoke publicly. No one sympathized with you more truly last Saturday than I did. Do you believe this, Claude?"

"I do—indeed, I do" said Grantley.

"I am glad of that, for it makes the second part of my story easier to tell. It is this. Look around this room, Claude, and see its poverty—I may almost say its squalidness. (It would be squalid were it not for mother's touch.) For reasons I cannot explain to you, my father's income is little or nothing. I wanted that twenty-five dollars badly. You may realize what a sacrifice I made in not reporting you. This amount of money to you is of little importance: to me it means a great deal. What was I to do? I examined myself closely once more. Again I decided that I was justified in reporting you—and I was sure

I was second. Yet friendship for you once again prevailed. I could not tell on a friend."

"But," said Claude Grantley, now very much softened and with suspiciously moist eyes, "you say that you did not tell on me. Who did, then?"

"I am not at liberty to say. Two others beside myself saw you copying."

"Who were they?"

"I will not say."

"Why?"

"Because whichever of the two gave in the report acted, I am quite sure, as he thought he should do."

"You won't tell me?"

"No. But, as I said before, I was deeply grieved for your disgrace, which I could not prevent. Do you believe in my motives now?"

Russell, with outstretched hand, waited for the reply. He saw Grantley's face twitching with emotion. Half afraid that he was getting angry again, Harry was quite unprepared for what followed. This is what Grantley said:

"Say, Hal, I'm a brute. I didn't know things were as bad as this. I ought to be kicked."

The speech, though schoolboyish, was undoubtedly genuine.

"Then, Claude, you do not think I was a sneak?"

"No, indeed I do not. I think you have done nobly; but it was all hard on me, wasn't it?"

"Yes, undoubtedly. 'The way of the transgressor'—you know the quotation. Nor a coward?"

"Look here, Hal, if you ever hear me say that word again, I give you leave to kick me as hard and as

often as you like. If anybody says it about you in my hearing, I'll kick him. Shake! All right, old fellow! You are more of a man than I am, anyway."

Mrs. Russell and Grace re-entered the room just as the two were shaking hands. Mrs. Russell saw by the marks of emotion on both faces that something of importance had taken place between the two boys, but she could not divine its nature.

"Are you going so soon, Claude?"

"Yes, Mrs. Russell, I must go now. I heartily congratulate you, and Grace, too, on Harry's success. He deserves every dollar of the prize money. I wish it had been a hundred!"

There was a gratified look in Harry Russell's face as he again shook hands with his reconciled friend. Praise of a son, too, is doubly valuable to a fond mother. Claude was rewarded by seeing the delicate flush of pride mantle the careworn face of Mrs. Russell. Grace's large eyes fairly snapped with delight that there should be found another worshipper of her hero.

The rest of the day was a busy one for Claude. Now he could go to the parish church and make his Christmas confession with some degree of comfort. Ever since the distribution day, owing to the feelings of anger and spite he had indulged in, this confession had loomed up as something to be dreaded. Now everything was smooth sailing.

Late that evening Harry Stanley Russell was very much surprised to receive a note by a messenger boy, from Claude Grantley, cordially inviting Mr. and Mrs. Russell, with Grace and Harry and Clarence, to the

Christmas dinner at the Grantley house. Mrs. Russell declined; Mr. Russell was absorbed in completing some new invention which was going to revolutionize the world: he had no time for Christmas dinners.

And poor Clarence! It was too bad. The family council decided that his shoes and his oft-mended trousers and his torn coat were not in a condition to render him presentable. It was too bad that the little fellow had to stay at home.

On Christmas morning, after the High Mass, the Stanleys' sleigh called for Harry and Grace. This was the first time Ethel saw Grace. The girls soon became as fast friends as were now their brothers.

That night after their young guests had departed—not without a tremendous bag of "goodies" for Clarence—Claude said to his sister:

"Say, Ethel, do you believe the brother of your newly-found friend could do anything that wasn't fair?"

"I—don't—know. I know that Grace is the loveliest character I ever saw. The brother of such a girl cannot be very bad."

Then, by way of self-imposed penance, Claude told his sister all he had said to Harry the day before. During the recital it was Ethel and not Claude who choked up two or three times.

"Well," said this loving little girl reflectively, "I am glad I did not see Harry Russell before Christmas, because I know I should have said something disagreeable, and then I should never have found a friend in his sister."

"But I know a little girl who said: 'I don't believe

he won the prize fairly.' Do you think there was anything unfair about it, after all?"

"No," said Ethel judicially. "Boys who act as you and Harry Russell have done cannot be called unfair."

For this wise judgment Claude administered a sounding kiss on Ethel's cheek as she bade him "Good night!"

## CHAPTER X.

### NANCY'S SECRET.

"MR. HAYLON! Mr. Haylon! I want to speak to you."

It was Nancy, the little cripple, who called. She had prospered in business since she had become an indoor merchant. Although she had not grown, her face, now shielded from wind and rain, was fairer than ever, her golden curls a richer hue. Her face, sublimated in a certain sense by constant suffering had become almost etherealized. Her beauty was the marvel of all who saw her.

"What is it, fairy?" asked the good-natured lawyer. "My! but we are getting on, eh? You will soon be rated by the commercial agency. Going to hire a clerk to help you keep store? Want my recommendation, eh?"

Nancy's stand looked prosperous. There were piles of fresh fruits, candies, nuts and a fair assortment of cigars. Her news business had also prospered. One part of the counter was devoted to newspapers and magazines and comic papers. Cripple as she was, she had a sharp eye to the "main chance." She let few opportunities of turning a penny escape her.

At present her only difficulty lay in keeping up her

route among the various offices; for she had not succeeded in securing another friend as faithful as Harry Russell. He came to see her occasionally; but no one had offered to take her place morning and evening as regularly as he had done before he went to college.

"Say, Nannie, why do you not take Brass Buttons into partnership?" asked Mr. Haylon.

"Oh, he's a t'ief! He's always helping hisself to the peanuts," answered the cripple, shaking her puny fist at the grinning elevator boy close by.

"Come here, boy!" said the lawyer.

There was a lull in the elevator traffic at the moment. The boy opened the wire door of his cage and stepped out. He stopped his grinning and was a little frightened.

"What yer want?"

"Do you rob this fruit stand?" asked the tall man.

The word *rob* had an ugly sound. Nancy did not think that the lawyer would take the matter so seriously. She did not want to get the boy into trouble. In fact, they were very good friends. Between him and the old janitor of the building, Nancy's news-stand was well guarded during her rounds. Nevertheless, there was a perpetual battle royal waged between these two juveniles. The boy considered that he had a right to pay himself—in peanuts—for his valuable services; she, that it was her privilege to pay him when and how she chose. And so a species of armed amity existed between them.

Buttons knew Lawyer Haylon well by reputation.



He had no desire for further acquaintance, if it should lead to getting into his clutches.

"I don't rob nothin'!" said the boy.

"Oh, Mr. Haylon, he don't rob at all! He only just helps hisself when I ain't looking."

"Ah! a fine distinction—a very fine distinction. Well, all right, Mr. Buttons! Nan, what have you to say to me?"

The boy retired at once, glad to get out of harm's way. Nan's back was turned to him as he went, but the lawyer was facing him; so he had not the courage to help himself to the usual half-dozen peanuts this time.

"There's too many people here now, and it's too noisy. You must come over at half-past four. Then nearly everybody will be gone out of the building," said the imperious little beauty, as if she already knew her power.

"But suppose I cannot come at that time?" said the lawyer.

"But you *must*. I've got something very pertickler to say to you."

"Very well; since you command it, I'll be here."

He came at the time appointed.

"Well, little one, what's the terrible mystery?" he asked.

Nancy appeared duly impressed with the importance of the communication she was about to make.

"Dick," she called to Mr. Brass Buttons, "let the gentleman have your elevator stool a little while, please."

Dick brought it without a word. If there was any trouble brewing for him, he thought, in his own way, it were well to propitiate the Fates. The lawyer took his seat in a corner of the corridor near the plate-glass window next to the door, from whence he could see the busy traffic of the thoroughfare. Nancy stood, leaning on her crutches, before him. Haylon was rather amused at her earnestness. To her the interview was evidently an important one.

"It's about that good, good boy," she said impressively.

"Dick of the Brass Buttons?"

"Naw! Mr. Haylon, do be serious for a while. It's about that good boy—Harry Russell."

"Ha! what about him?"

"He hasn't been getting into any trouble, Mr. Haylon; has he?"

"No, not that I have heard. I saw him as late as yesterday."

"Well, they repeated his name ever so many times, and his brother Clarence's, too. I didn't like the looks of either of them. I think they mean some harm to Harry. I am sure they are bad men."

"What does this mean, Nan? I'm quite in the dark."

"I ain't got a beautiful voice," she said pathetically; "but I've got sharp eyes and ears, too. Oh, Mr. Haylon, you will protect Harry—won't you?—because he was so kind—to me—for months!"

The poor girl was very earnest. The last sentence ended in a stifled sob.

"Now, my child," said the lawyer very kindly,

"don't get excited over this thing. Tell me quietly and calmly all you know. You see I cannot help your friend unless I know where the danger lies." He drew the girl close to him and stroked her beautiful curls in a fatherly way. "Now take your time. Tell me everything you know, and give me the reasons for your suspicions."

"Two men," said Nancy, "stood just where we are now and talked and talked for a long time. I was at my stand—see, not four feet away. They didn't mind me. I didn't pay any attention to them for some time, until I heard them mention Harry Russell's name three or four times. Then I listened with all my ears. This is what I heard, as near as I can remember. One of them seemed to be a stranger here, and I believe he came from Baltimore. He mentioned that place very often. The other belongs here, I think. The stranger said: 'Old Dodsworth had a stroke of partial paralysis last week and he cannot change it now, that's certain. I saw him myself at his rooms. He's pretty far gone.' Then, sir, I heard them talking some words I didn't understand at all. It was something about a foot and a leg, or something like that; and then they mentioned Harry Russell's name and said he was it."

"Foot and leg! What do you mean, child?"

"I do not know at all. But I thought you would understand."

There was disappointment in her tone. Lawyer Haylon was puzzled. He could not make head or tail of the expression.

"Wait," he said. He put his head between his

hand and his elbows on his knees and began to think. The girl waited patiently. Presently he lifted his head and said: "Did the words sound like this, Nan: 'Sole legatee'?"

"Yes, them's the very words—'Sole legatee'—them's the very words!" And she clapped her hands joyfully. "I thought you would understand."

"Go on, child, and don't miss a word you heard, if you can help it. Wait one minute. Are you sure that Harry Russell's name was used in connection with 'sole legatee'?"

"Quite sure. Then they talked some about a claim. The strange man said he could scare one, or scare up one. They went on talking very fast, but just then a great big rattling wagon passed the door and I couldn't hear anything. When I could again make out what they were saying the man that lives here said: 'I can put the young fellow in a good way of business.' At this they both laughed. Why did they laugh at that, Mr. Haylon?"

"I don't know yet. What else?"

"The Baltimore man said he was willing to advance a couple of thousand for the benefit of the two boys. And that's all I heard."

The disjointed and unsatisfactory story was an enigma to the experienced lawyer; but it was just the kind of case on which he delighted to test his genius. His trained mind revelled in a contest where all his faculties were brought into sharp play.

"You are a good girl—" he began.

But before he could finish Nancy cried excitedly:

"Look! look! There he is! That's the man who lives here!"

Lawyer Haylon looked across the street. He saw a chattel-mortgage lawyer who bore a very bad reputation.

## CHAPTER XI.

### ONE SORE HEART.

MONTHS passed away. Lawyer Haylon thought long and deeply over Nancy's story, but could evolve nothing from it. It was slim evidence upon which to set on foot a systematic investigation. The lawyer finally gave up the matter, arguing that if any good or bad fortune was coming to Russell there would be time enough to act when it came.

In the meantime Harry Russell was making fine progress at Rockland. He passed successfully from Freshman to Sophomore, and became a leader in that class. He had grown considerably in the last twelve months. He was now nineteen years old. He had lost much of the smugness of youth, and was a really handsome young man.

Being a Sophomore, or member of the poetry class, he was now eligible for membership to the Rockland College debating society. This he joined after Christmas of this year. The society soon found in him a decided acquisition. He was a serious thinker and a fluent speaker. It was the opinion of many boys that he was "cut out" for a lawyer. Owing to Mr. Longstreet's encouragement and the kindly interest of Mr. Haylon, as well as the attractive oddities of

his character, Harry became more and more convinced that his calling in life was to be that of a disciple of Coke and Blackstone. His successful speeches in the debating society soon strengthened this impression.

There was one peculiarity about Russell which neither his professors nor his warmest friends could understand. In Rockland, as in every well-equipped Catholic college, there was a students' sodality under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin and in honor of her Immaculate Conception.

Russell had now been four years at college. In many ways he was a most exemplary student. He was good at studies, games, and athletics. Twice he had won medals for elocution. He had made a few brilliant contributions to the *Rockland Review*, the college journal; this year he had been elected one of its associate editors. With all these school honors and good qualities, there was one thing he would not do: he would not become a member of the students' sodality.

This was a strange notion of his. It could not be attributed to any dislike of the devotion practised in honor of the Mother of God. No one was more enthusiastic about the May services than he. This devotion of his took a very practical turn which required him to give up considerable time to it. The reader is aware that Harry Russell had very little pocket money to spare for college extras. To overcome this deficiency and yet do something in honor of the Blessed Virgin during the month of May, he took long walks into the country on Sundays and

Thursdays for the purpose of gathering wild flowers for her shrine, since he could not buy flowers as many of his companions were accustomed to do. The refusal, therefore, was not from any want of goodness or devotion.

This peculiarity puzzled his bosom friend, Claude Grantley. These two had been the firmest of friends ever since the misunderstanding about the prize essay. The friendship was solid and firm because now founded on mutual esteem. It puzzled Bruno Armitage, another chum of Harry's. These two boys had many private confabs over his unwillingness to join them in the sodality.

"He's a good fellow," said Armitage one day; "and I mean by that he is really a pious fellow, with strong religious convictions, and the courage of them, too."

"I fully believe you are correct in your estimate of Harry," said Claude.

"He makes no objection to any and all the devotions practised here."

"None whatever, that I know of. I know the Catholicity of his home life is simply beautiful."

"Well, then?" asked Bruno.

"Well, then?" laughed Claude. "That's where we always arrive—and stop. I really think—ah, here he comes! Let us try him once more."

"Talk of the—" said Bruno, as Harry came up.

"Don't mention it," answered Russell; "although you, perhaps, have more acquaintance with *him* than I have. You should not so easily get mixed up on his identity."



"One on you, Bruno," said Claude; and he continued: "Well, Harry, old boy—not Old Harry—I want to make a request."

"What is it?"

"I want you to give us permission to hand in your name to the moderator as candidate for admission into our sodality. I know I have asked you before, but perhaps the objections you had then have been removed by this time. May we do it?"

"No, I do not wish it!" was the reply, which seemed final; for Russell immediately changed the subject. They were baffled again.

While the conversation was progressing, the group was joined by a boy named Cullane. He had heard the latter part of Claude's appeal. When he heard Russell's answer, he seemed pleased.

"That's right, Harry!" he said. "Do not let them force you into it against your wish."

"No one will do that, I think," replied Russell, briefly.

It was after the afternoon class, and the four boys left the yard together on their way home. At the gates of the young ladies' academy Grantley was met by his sister, who, after a few pleasant words with the other three, accepted her brother's offer to escort her home.

There is an old saying that two is company and three is none. This afternoon Cullane evidently felt the force of this adage; for he made several attempts to lag behind Armitage and enter into conversation with Russell. Once, when Bruno was a few feet ahead, he said to Russell:

"Do not let those fellows drag you into the sodality without your consent."

Russell was beginning to feel annoyed. He could manage his own affairs. He did not care to have a boy like Cullane for a mentor.

"I can manage my own affairs," he said, somewhat testily.

"That's right. If one wants of his own accord—"

"You mistake me. I intended the remark for you. I can manage my affairs, thank you!"

"Ugh! You needn't get mad over it," said Cullane.

"Nor am I, but I simply state again that I can manage my own affairs."

Bruno, seeing that he was some feet ahead, stopped for the others; so Cullane had no chance to say more.

A peculiar thing happened on the journey homeward that afternoon, which had more effect on Russell's determination than all his friends' arguments. One part of the street where they were walking was being torn up. The city was putting in some larger water-mains. Near the sidewalk were about fifty laborers digging a deep ditch. Some were below throwing up the earth to platforms; others from these tossed it into the street above them.

"Let's watch them a minute," said Armitage.

The three boys scrambled over a heap of loose earth and stood looking at the men down in their narrow trench in the earth. While watching, Harry heard a man on the platform half-way down talking to his fellow-workman as he shovelled away with right good-will:

"Sure now, I work hard all me life, but I'm goin'

to make something of me Patsy. I do be sendin' him to Rockland College for his schoolin'; though 'tis hard for me, and me only a city ditcher. It's scrapin' I have to do to make ends meet. But, plase God, I'll see him priested some day, an' thin I'll be willin' to lay down me shovel an' die. Have ye no boy at all, Finnegan?"

The involuntary listeners could not catch Finnegan's reply, but they heard the first speaker say:

"It's meself that's sorry for ye, man. If me boy were to do that it would break me heart entirely."

Just at that moment Cullane, who had remained a little farther away than the other two boys, jumped over a mound of earth and came closer to his companions. At the same instant the talkative ditcher looked up and saw him. The man was sweaty and grimy. He wore blue jeans and a coarse, checkered shirt, which was open in front and showed a sunburnt chest. The sleeves of his shirt were rolled up nearly to his shoulders, showing a pair of muscular arms. He had the appearance of an honest laborer, determined to earn every cent the city paid him. His rugged face was not handsome but kind.

Suddenly the love-light sprang into his eyes. He dropped his shovel for an instant. His face lit up with genuine pleasure.

"Is that you, Patsy!" he cried, delightedly, raising his right hand over his head as if he would shake hands, and steadying himself against the wall of earth with his left. "Is that you now! It's good of you entirely to come and see your old father."

The other two boys watched young Cullane. He

blushed and then hung his head a moment. The coward! He was ashamed to acknowledge the city ditcher as his father before his companions. He walked away without a sign of recognition for the old man.

The father, with his hand still upstretched to shake his son's hand—that son of whom a moment before he was boasting so proudly—did not realize what had happened.

"Where's—where's me boy?" he asked the other two. "Didn't I see him wid ye two?"

"He was here a minute ago," one of them was forced to say; "he has gone down the street now."

"Gone! You don't say that, boys! Gone! Patsy! My God! my boy was ashamed of his old father!"

So it was. False pride had caused the son to wound his father almost fatally.

"Help me out of this, Finnegan!" he said, faintly. He mounted the ladder, Finnegan coming carefully after him.

"Ashamed of me he was! Ashamed of me, boys!" he said; "an' I hoped some day to see him priested! Oh, me heart is broke!"

He sat there rocking himself from side to side in his grief. The two boys tried to comfort him. They were not very successful.

"You'll take me time, Finnegan, and give it to the boss. I'll work no more this day. Me heart wouldn't be in it at all, at all."

"Cheer up, Mr. Cullane!" said Harry. "Perhaps it's not so bad as you think. He may have been sick or something."

But the attempt at comfort was a lame one.

"Youse is good boys," said the poor old fellow; "but it's ashamed of me he was, boys—ashamed of me in me workin' clothes!"

They helped him on with his coat and saw him start feebly in the direction of his home. They watched him for some distance, deeming it a more delicate consideration not to accompany him. They saw that he occasionally shook his head and put his hand to his head as if to rub out from his brain some horrible, fantastic vision. Then he would wring his hands.

"The cowardly cur!" observed Harry Russell, referring to the son. "And that's the hound who was trying to keep me out of your sodality! Bruno, I have made up my mind. You may propose my name to-morrow."

## CHAPTER XII.

### TAKING HIS BEARINGS.

THE next morning before Mass, instead of going at once to the study-hall, Armitage waited in the yard. He was expecting some one. He had great news for Grantley. Just as the church clock struck eight that individual wheeled into the yard. Bruno beckoned him to a secluded spot.

"What's up?" asked Claude, noticing Armitage's air of mystery.

"Guess what has happened."

"Holiday?"

"No."

"Another challenge for baseball?"

"No."

"You are prepared with your class matter to-day —but that's too absurd a guess. I'll take that back."

He did, and also took a sounding thwack on the arm from Armitage's fist.

"Ouch! What's the mystery, Bruno? I cannot guess any more."

"Russell has promised."

"What?"

"To become a sodalist."

"You don't say! That's good news. Who did it? I failed often enough. I do not suppose *you* have been more successful."

"It was Cullane."

"Cullane! Oh, come off the perch! Cul isn't even a sodalist himself. You are joking!"

"Unfortunately, I am not."

"Unfortunately! Oh, stop all this mystery and tell us about it!"

Armitage then told Grantley of the incident related in the previous chapter. Claude was quite astounded. In his indignation he threatened all sorts of dire things to Cullane. Just as they were most interested Harry Russell walked into the yard and came over to the two. They all three ran the risk of getting into trouble. They might be caught by the ubiquitous prefects. One of the strictest rules at Rockland was that every boy repair at once to the study-hall before Mass.

"Let me congratulate you, Harry, on your resolution," said Grantley. "But wasn't that a mean thing of Cullane?"

"The most contemptible thing I ever heard of," said Harry. "I had not intended to join the sodality until my last year at college. But I made up my mind to do so yesterday afternoon as a protest against such meanness. Just before we came to the ditch Cullane was urging me to keep out of the sodality."

"Be the occasion what it may," said Grantley, "we are heartily glad to have you among us. I claim the privilege of proposing your name."

"No, you don't," said Armitage. "I claim that myself. Harry has given *me* the permission—"

"What's this! Not in the study-hall, boys! You know the rule. All three of you see me after class this evening."

The dreaded prefect had caught them. The three culprits laughed and blushed.

"All right, sir; we'll come to you at half-past three. But, sir, may I ask a question?" said Bruno.

"Yes. What is it?"

"How shall we treat Cullane?"

"Treat Cullane! Treat him as you have always done. Why do you ask such a question?"

Armitage had forgotten that the prefect knew nothing of the boy's behavior of the previous evening. He and Harry then told how Cullane had behaved toward his poor father, and how keenly the honest old man had suffered. The yard official looked very grave when he had learned all.

"I am very sorry to hear such a story," he said. "The whole miserable business arose from the boy having too much human respect. Human respect is the greatest bane of our nature. It prevents millions of good deeds being done, and is the cause of millions of bad ones. If you want to be manly, noble, generous men, make a special effort to uproot this vice of human respect. It is one of the worst things we have to contend with.

This and much more the prefect said. The boys had never seen him so eloquent. His task of watching and prefecting was, by its very nature, more or less unpleasant. Keeping order among a crowd of



untamed, mischievous youngsters is no easy task. The man whose duty this is, unless he be of a broad, well-balanced mind, is apt to run into narrow grooves, and become in a slight way tyrannical.

"What shall we do, sir?" asked Bruno.

"What would you say if you were in my place, Harry?" inquired the prefect.

Harry Russell thought for a moment.

"I think, sir, that I should advise that the fault be condoned."

"You would?" questioned Armitage.

"Yes. I thought it over a good long time last night before I went to sleep. After all, I believe it was more weakness than malice. There's no denying it was terrible for the father. I hope never to witness such grief again."

"Then, Harry, you would look more to the motives of the act than to the consequences?"

"I think I would, sir."

"But are we not responsible for the consequences of our acts?"

"We are, sir. It is just because he is responsible and we are not I think we might take a charitable view. It is likely that by this time he is heartily sorry for the grief he has caused his father."

"I think you are right," remarked the prefect. "It is best to be charitable. Treat him, then, as usual. Should the action come up for discussion, you must use your discretion in showing your disapproval. Be careful not to wound. He may be very sorry and yet find it too awkward to manifest his regret to you boys."

"Thank you, sir," said Harry.

"Now, boys, go to your studies."

"Shall we see you after class, sir?" asked Claude, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Of course. You don't get off that way. *Particeps criminis*? Not a bit of it. It is not *my* duty to go at once to the study-hall, is it?"

"No, sir; but to see that others go," said Grantley.

"Claude, you are a rascal. You would make me out derelict in my duty and as bad as yourself."

The three boys went that evening to the prefect. He took out his penance book. In one, two, three order he ran a line through their names. They were free. It was what they expected would happen; still, they thanked him effusively. Boys are often great politicians.

As the three bosom friends were again about to pass out of the great college gates, as they had done the evening before with Cullane, that youth came up to them.

"May I walk with you, boys? I have something to say," he asked.

"Y-yes," said Armitage, somewhat coldly, notwithstanding his resolution, taken in common with the other two, to treat the offender fairly.

Harry, Bruno, and Claude noticed something unusual about Cullane that afternoon. He was subdued, as if he had passed through some great experience which had left its mark on his character. In truth, he had done so. There was now a look of determination on his face. The boys saw at a glance there was a change in him. They were impressed. They ex-

pected something to happen, although one and all were entirely unprepared for what did take place.

"I want to apologize for my conduct yesterday afternoon," said Cullane.

These words were, apparently, forced from him by a strong will-power, as if the breaking of the ice, the first plunge, was the hardest. And who will not admit that the first is always the hardest, whether it be a mental or a physical plunge?

Russell was about to say something.

"Wait, Russell," said Cullane, "until you have heard me out; and then, if you wish, condemn me as I deserve to be. Hear me first. When I refused in your presence to acknowledge my own father working in the public streets, I was a moral coward. A momentary feeling of shame overcame me. I walked away. I had not gone ten steps when I saw my error, but I was such a coward that I had not the courage to go back. It was a deed done in a second, but which I shall regret the longest day I live. Never shall I forget, if I live to be a hundred, the grief of my father. I arrived home only a few minutes before he did. I was not prepared to witness the havoc my folly had brought about. I thought once or twice last night, boys"—and the tears were now rolling down Cullane's face—"that my father, who has worked and slaved early and late to put me to college, would actually die of grief. It was hours before I could soothe or pacify him.

"My father went sobbing to bed. During my sleepless and wretched hours of the long night I heard him break into moans even in his sleep. This morning

I prepared his dinner-pail for him myself. I walked with him to his work. A sadder man does not live than he to-day. Do you think I have been punished enough, boys?"

Harry Russell, too touched for words, took Cullane's hand. If one had watched closely, one would have noticed that Claude's and Bruno's eyes had an uncommonly moist appearance.

"I know I have lost your respect, boys," continued Cullane; "but as a favor I beg you to do one thing for me—at least you two. You both saw me ashamed of my own father yesterday. Will you please come down to the same place again? I want to show him that I am not ashamed now; I want to make some kind of reparation to him, poor as it is, for what he has suffered through me."

"Sure, we'll go!" said Russell. "You will come, too; won't you, Grantley?"

"With pleasure. Just wait a moment until I put my sister Ethel on the car. See! she's coming out of the academy."

The ditching was about three blocks away. On their way thither Cullane continually bemoaned his folly. The three friends could not doubt the sincerity of his regrets. Presently they stood over the trench where Cullane's father was working on the platform.

"Father, I've come to see how you are getting on."

The bent back straightened up. The old man saw his boy. For a moment there was a look of doubt in his eyes. He saw only his son. Had not Patsy come because his fine college friends were nowhere

near? He did not see them, because they were on the opposite side of the ditch and behind his back.

"And we have come with him, sir, to see you," said Grantley.

Then the old man looked around. His son had repaired his fault. He was no longer ashamed of his working father. The ditcher climbed the ladder as he had done the afternoon before to the street level. This time there was a glad look in his eyes.

"My Patsy!" he exclaimed. "You did wrong yesterday for sure, and it hurted me sorely; but it's all over now."

"Come home with us now, Mr. Cullane," said Claude Grantley; "'tis near knocking-off time, and we have come to see you home this once."

It was a happy thought of Claude. The others added their word of entreaty. Pat, with swelling eyes, looked gratefully from one to the other. The father's journey homeward the day before was indeed a *via dolorosa*: to-day it was a triumph.

Nothing would satisfy the old man when he arrived home but that the three must come in and rest after their journey. They went into his cottage for a little while, and told stories, sang songs, and "cut up" generally, to the old man's immense delight. Upon leaving, they stood in the little front garden and for a moment startled the neighborhood:

"What's the matter with Pat Cullane?"

"He's—all—right!"

And so he was. He had blundered sadly. We all blunder at times. He repaired his mistake. How many of us repair ours so thoroughly?

Before separating that evening the three friends arranged to celebrate Harry Russell's entrance into the sodality by a party at Grantley's the following Thursday.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### HOW THEY ARRANGED IT.

BEFORE relating what came of the little party at Claude Grantley's, and the consequences to Harry Russell—consequences, indeed, of such a nature as at one time to threaten the failure of his whole life—it will be well to take up one or two events of college life, the point of which the reader will be able abundantly to see for himself.

It must be remembered that the incident given in the last two chapters of this veritable history occurred in the early summer of Harry's sophomore year. The remainder of that school year flew by rapidly. The end came before any of our friends realized it. Russell, Grantley, Armitage, and Pat Cullane (who was now a fast friend of all three), each had the satisfaction of standing high in his class. Among these four the majority of the prizes were captured.

In the following September they entered the junior, or rhetoric, class in good trim for a hard year's work. All had been rustivating in the country for a time. Harry Russell had worked the greater part of vacation in Mr. Haylon's law office. When mid-August came the lawyer insisted that he stop work and go out camping somewhere with his friends for a couple of

weeks. Having obtained his mother's full approval, he was not loath to follow the lawyer's advice; being well aware that ten or fourteen days in the woods, amid the odor of the pines, would be the best preparation for the following year's hard course of study.

The abundance of strange incidents that fills up the last two years of Russell's collegiate life prevents us from giving an accurate and strictly historical account of all the fun and frolic and escapes and adventures of that glorious outing. Well, these good things, like good wine, will keep.

Our friends went back to school as brown as berries. Harry indignantly denied the insinuation of the use of walnut stain to darken his fair skin, stoutly claiming the sun had done it all. If you ask Claude, he winks slyly but will say nothing.

The year began well, and it was soon the end of October. The first competition for our rhetoricians was a hard one. Examination time is always a hard time for conscientious students. Taken as a whole, the class was both conscientious and hard-working. The boys had a high regard for the Father who was their professor. There was, in consequence, more than ordinary emulation among the boys not only to make a successful year's study, but to reach high notes in this the first bimonthly examination.

The professor had "gone up with his class," having taught the same boys poetry the year before. Hence, knowing every member of the class, there was no time lost. Besides the genuine desire to please their professor, there was a healthy emulation among the boys themselves. The class was divided into two



sections: four or five were competing for first honors; the second section aimed at not being below ninety notes out of a possible hundred.

Saturday, the last day of the competition week, had come. There remained only the Greek paper to be done.

"Take your Greek text," said the professor, when the boys had seated themselves at their desk for the last test, "and turn to the first Philippic of Demosthenes."

All the boys opened their books at the place indicated.

"Now, let each boy get another book and lay it across his open text, so that all footnotes are hidden and only the text revealed. Then let each translate the first twenty-five lines, parse all the pronouns and adjectives which occur in the first fifteen lines, and all the verbs of the first ten lines. You will have your theme this afternoon."

"Phew! Gewelikins!" said one boy, under his breath.

"Silence, please!" said the professor.

The boys began their work. The majority were more or less pleased that their professor had shown that he had no hesitation in trusting to their honor not to assist themselves from the footnotes.

"I need scarcely remark," observed the professor, after the first five minutes, in which nothing was heard save the scratching of pens, "that I expect no copying from one another or from the footnotes. It is enough for me to say you are on your honor not to do so."

Whether the examiner did the wisest thing in submitting the boys to so severe a test of their honor we will not discuss. There may be several opinions about it. The two hours soon slipped away. One by one the boys handed in their papers and left the room.

"How did you do?" asked Claude Grantley of Tom Hadden, as soon as they had passed out into the yard.

"First-rate, I think. I made no mistakes."

"I am afraid I flunked in that first verb," remarked Cullane, dubiously; and Bruno Armitage thought he was not safe on several of the adjectives.

"How did you make out, Russell?" asked Hadden.

"I do not know what's the matter with me to-day," was the reply. "I feel all out of sorts, as a printer would say. I could not make the translation to please me, and now I begin to think that some of my tenses are all wrong. I'll be down in the eighties this time for sure." And Russell sighed dolefully. "It's too bad, and I have done well in every other branch."

"That's strange," said Hadden. "You had your book there."

Russell opened wide his eyes. What did Hadden mean?

"I don't understand—" Russell began.

"You don't, eh? That's strange. I always make ninety-five or ninety-six. I guess I go above that this time. I had an excellent chance this morning."

"No better chance than at any other time, that I see," broke in Grantley. "And Greek is harder than Latin or mathematics, isn't it?"

"It is for me, except when I have such a chance as I had this morning," replied Hadden.

"But," queried Russell, "I do not see that in a harder subject than usual you had a better chance to get high notes. I think there was less chance than usual."

"Your usual acuteness seems to be forsaking you this morning," observed Hadden, with a slight touch of sarcasm in his voice. "Did we not have a chance of a thousand to-day?"

"How?"

"*How?* Didn't we have our footnotes right under our noses?"

"But," said Grantley, "were we not put on our honor not to look at or use our footnotes?"

Tom Hadden burst into a loud laugh before answering:

"It was not always thus with you. Your notions of honor a year or two ago were not of the strictest, I believe. They must have changed since the Anselm prize-essay episode."

Grantley winced at the allusion.

"Radically—emphatically, they have."

Hadden shrugged his shoulders.

"You all seem crazy about your notions of honor. It's a notion of notes with me."

"And you used the footnotes in your paper?" asked Russell, with a ring of indignation in his voice.

"Used? Of course, I used them when I got a chance. What I'm looking for is high notes."

"And you mean to take the premium after that admission if you happen to be first on the list?"

"Most certainly I do; and I expect to be first, too. I was first all last year and without any such chance as I had to-day."

"Shame!" said Armitage and Cullane simultaneously.

Hadden did not reply. He put his hands in his pockets, shrugged his shoulders, and walked away with an appearance of unconcern he was far from feeling. The others of the company stood watching the retreating figure in silence for some time.

"Well! well! well! But that bangs Banagher, and—you know the rest," said Armitage after some minutes.

They were all still looking at the retreating figure of their classmate.

"It's a clear case of moral obliquity," continued Armitage.

"Hold on there, Bruno! Not so fast," remarked Cullane. "One cannot say that exactly. The only thing that can safely be said is that he is destitute of a sense of honor."

"It's far worse than that," claimed Armitage.

"But how do you prove it?" asked Grantley.

Bruno was floored.

"Shall we report him?" he asked.

"Most certainly not," said Harry Russell. "That would never do."

"What shall we do then?" inquired Armitage.

"What I propose is this," explained Russell. "Let us form ourselves into a committee of four, and—adjourn now. It's nearly dinner-time; but let each one try his best to think out some plan or invent some means by which we can down Master Hadden. Of course, boys, it must be honorable means or you may count me out. We will meet again after class on

Monday. By that time we can see what arrangements we can come to."

And thus, at the college gate, the little committee was no sooner formed than it adjourned, each member going a different way to his home. On Monday the committee met again.

"Has any one thought of a plan to down the enemy?" asked Cullane.

"I have a plan," answered Armitage, "which I think will work; but it will involve some extra hard labor on our part. It is simply this. After Hadden's unblushing confession that he would take every advantage that came into his way in the competitions, and as he has always been away up on the list for notes, I think we should try to beat him at his own game."

"What! We should copy, too?" cried two others.

"I didn't say that. Beat him in notes. Just listen, you fellows, if you are not going to have a fit. Now, this is my plan. You all know that Latin, Greek, mathematics, and English precepts are the principal branches in our Junior class. There is no denying that Hadden is good in all four. Let us four, then, each take one of these branches and make a specialty of it for the rest of the year, so that at the competitions each is pretty sure to be at the top of the list in the branch he has chosen."

"That's all very well. But what's the use if Hadden copies his answers all the time?" asked one.

"That's not the case," replied Bruno—"at least we cannot suppose that would happen regularly. No: in the last Greek he had a chance which, most

likely, he will never have again. We must suppose he does fair work as a general thing. I know he is a great student, and we shall have to hump ourselves to keep up with him."

"Shade of Demosthenes!" shrieked Claude frantically, wildly clutching at the air. "Have to hump! O kind friend! O gentle Armitage! please translate!"

"I think," continued Armitage, "if you take the English precepts in this affair you will be able to find a translation yourself."

"H-hm! All right. I'll take English," rejoined Claude.

"And you, Cullane, are good at Latin; will you take that?"

Cullane agreed. He was conscious, and his friends also admitted, that he was the best Latinist of the committee.

"You know, Russell," continued Bruno, "you are reputed to have a mathematical head, or head for mathematics—level, and so forth. At all events, you are the best in our class; and as I take the Greek myself, there is only that one branch left."

"Oh, I'll take it!" said Russell.

"*Omnia componuntur*, then!" cried the chairman of the committee.

They all decided to keep the matter a profound secret. Each boy was to spend one hour or more extra study every day on the branch he had selected. The arrangement was to go into effect on one condition—namely, that Tom Hadden, should he head the list and be awarded the Greek premium, be bold enough publicly to accept it.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### TOM HADDEN'S DEFEAT.

It was about a week after the competitions had been finished that the distribution of premiums took place. As was expected, Thomas Hadden came out first in every branch except mathematics; in this he stood second.

"Going up, Hadden?" asked Claude Grantley, as the names of the winners of the premiums and medals were being called by the prefect of studies.

"Of course I'm going up. What do you take me for? *Tene quod habes ut nemo accipiat coronam tuam.*" Then he added a very free translation: "Hold what you have, and don't let anybody euchre you out of your medal."

"Well, that's a rather unfortunate rendering," observed Claude. "*Coronam* means crown—a thing of honor. You must decide yourself as to the honor of your action. You might remember another quotation from Scripture: *Qui se existimat stare, videat ne cadat*—'Let him who thinks himself to stand take heed lest he fall.'"

"What do you mean?"

"Never mind what I mean. You will find out by the next competition."

Further conversation was interrupted by the necessity of many of the class going to the platform to receive their distinctions from the hands of the president. Tom Hadden took the medal for class honors and also for several particular branches. The Committee of Four watched him closely to see whether he would accept the medal for Greek: he accepted it unblushingly. Thereupon telegraphic eye-signals were exchanged among the four, which meant that each one was to do his best to keep Hadden from ever being at the top again. Hadden had made ninety-eight notes in Greek. The next to him was Grantley with ninety-seven.

It was customary at Rockland to give a half holiday on distribution days. About five o'clock that evening the professor of the Junior class heard a rap at his door. In response to the invitation Tom Hadden walked in.

"O Tom, my boy! I congratulate you on your standing in class," said the genial teacher.

"That's what I have come to see you about, Father."

"Yes? You complain of your notes being too high, eh?"

"Father received my bulletin by mail this noon. I find I am marked only ninety-eight for Greek."

"That's a good showing, isn't it? You do not expect to make a hundred in every branch, do you?"

"No, Father; but I have gone over that Greek since the examination, and I cannot see where I lost those two notes. I was sure—quite sure—the paper was perfect. I expected it would get a hundred."



The professor's smiling face began to change to a serious expression. He looked grave. In his experience as a teacher he knew that Hadden's was no uncommon case. Many an ambitious but dissatisfied boy had protested to him before this. So he had adopted a plan which rarely failed to work well, and which generally elicited from the appellant a repentant protestation of confidence in the professor's judgment.

"You have a right to come to me if you are not satisfied," he said. "You are dissatisfied with my marking, I believe—that is, you do not accept my judgment as examiner?"

"Well, Father, I don't know about impugning your judgment. That's an ugly thing to say; but I thought I had handed in a perfect paper."

"All right. It is honorable to come straight to me."

Tom Hadden winced a little at the word "honorable." He looked sharply at the professor. After a close scrutiny of the professor's face, he was satisfied that the teacher had no double meaning for the word. Somehow, since the Greek examination the word "honor" seemed awkward to him. It seemed so precisely because he was not bad at heart; he had imbibed a principle somewhat false.

While the boy was watching the priest's face, that gentleman had been busily rubbing out a number of pencil marks on Hadden's paper.

"There!" said he as he finished—"that's all right. Now, my lad, I want to give you satisfaction. This is what I propose. You see, I have rubbed out my

markings on your paper. Now you shall examine it yourself and your figures shall stand."

Tom was delighted. Now there could be no mistake. The professor took up a Demosthenes and turned to the pages used in the examination.

"My system is this, Hadden," he said: "I presume the paper to be worth a hundred notes; and then for every error I mark off one-eighth, one-quarter, one-half, or even a whole note, as in my judgment the error deserves. Now I'll read the Greek and you correct as I go along."

The professor began to read, Tom to correct. In the very first line Tom found what he called "an egregious blunder."

"How could I have made such an error as that!" he exclaimed.

"How much do you take off?" asked the professor.

"That deserves to lose half a note," said Tom, not quite cool.

"Very well: mark one-half, then."

The teacher had originally deducted one-quarter of a note for this particular blunder. Soon they came to another mistake.

"How much off, Mr. Tom Hadden?"

"A quarter, Father, sure."

"The next?"

"That's a bad one—three-quarters!"

The priest smiled. He had subtracted for that last error only one-quarter. So the examination proceeded. Tom soon became quite interested in his new occupation of examiner. He did not notice how he had injured his case until the teacher said:

"Now add up your fractions."

Hadden ran through them. To his horror he discovered that he was much worse off than he would have been had he left the professor's more experienced judgment unchallenged.

"What's your total?"

"Thirty-two eighths—*four notes*, Father. I guess I'll let the paper stand as it was," said Tom Hadden, who at the moment wore a rueful countenance.

"By no means," said the professor. "Your notes by your own examining amount to ninety-six. Very well. Now, that's your record for Greek of the last competition, and that number will be reckoned for your yearly total."

"But, Father, I would rather—"

"Doubtless. You would rather have the ninety-eight. Precisely. Had you been satisfied with my judgment you would have been two notes higher. You may let your bulletin stand as it is, but your year's record will be only ninety-six for this Greek paper."

"Well, Father, please do not give me away," pleaded the crestfallen Tom.

"In what way do you mean? The prefect of studies must know. He keeps the year's notes. He will want to know why I change yours."

"I don't mean that. Please do not let the boys know of it."

"Of course I will not. Have no fear. But I hope you will learn your lesson from this experience."

Tom did learn his lesson. He realized that he had overreached himself.

The work of the Committee of Four met with success. At the February competition Tom Hadden was not a little surprised to hear the prefect of studies read out at the distribution: "First in Latin, Patrick Cullane; second, Thomas Hadden. First in Greek, Bruno Armitage; second, Thomas Hadden. First in mathematics, Harry Russell; second, Thomas Hadden. First in English precepts, Claude Grantley; second, Thomas Hadden."

It is needless to say that Master Hadden was completely mystified at such a result. He knew that he was the brightest boy in the class. He was not conscious of having lagged in his studies either at home or in school. His application was the same. He had not noticed any marked improvement in the class in general. The result was a surprise and a mystery to him. The last competition came in April. The results were similar. There was one consolation for Hadden this time. He was first in Greek, but that was the only branch in which he distanced the class. In everything else he was second.

At length the annual examinations came and were finally disposed of. On June 25 the results of the year's work, as summarized in the annual, were to be made known. The class honors—that is, the medal for the highest notes in the collective branches for the year—were won by Claude Grantley; and the second place was awarded to Thomas Hadden. When the notes were published Tom discovered that he was behind by just the amount he had lost in examining his own Greek competition.

The five leaders of the Junior class were lying in

more or less graceful positions on the college green, in the shade of a large maple, on the day after the classes were closed. They were discussing the events of the year. It must be understood, of course, that none of the quartette which had formed the Committee of Four had ever been on anything but friendly terms with Hadden; although their notions of honor were diametrically opposite to those held by him.

"I cannot possibly understand," said Hadden, as he watched some fleecy clouds lazily float across the blue zenith, "how it was that after the first competition this year I could never, but once, get first place again."

"No?" said Armitage innocently. "I think we can, can't we?" and he winked slyly at the others.

"I believe we have a very good notion why you did not," said Russell.

"That's more than I have," replied Tom. "But if any of you know, tell me. It's a mystery to me. I am sure—quite sure—that I worked as hard as any of you fellows."

"Maybe you did," remarked Cullane; "but not as hard as all together. Tell him of the conspiracy, Bruno."

Then Armitage told Tom Hadden the whole plan of campaign.

For some time after Bruno had finished, Hadden lay back in the grass quite silent; but, like the traditional owl, he "kept up a deal of thinking." Presently he spoke:

"Do you know, boys, I have never looked at it in that light before? There is a great deal in what you

say, Brunie. I thank you all for teaching me the lesson. Yes, it's a question of principle, after all. Boys, I promise you that you will never find me copying again."

"I move the Committee of Four adjourn *sine die*," said Armitage.

The motion was carried unanimously.

## CHAPTER XV.

### RUSSELL'S VACATION.

THE domestic concerns of the Russells had undergone a great improvement during the last eighteen months. Mr. Longstreet had succeeded in effecting the change. With assiduous care and rare tact he had argued and pleaded with Mr. Russell to have more thought for his family, and by steady work place them in more comfortable circumstances. He first began by assuming a keen interest in Mr. Russell's inventions. Having gained his confidence, he began to show him the folly of perpetually grasping at the shadow and neglecting the substance. Mr. Russell was a man of more than ordinary ability. His only fault was that he allowed his schemes and plans—although all of them were intended to benefit his family—so to occupy his time that the necessary income for the sustenance of the family dwindled away to almost nothing.

Mr. Longstreet, by a series of talks, first convinced him that his present duty to his family took precedence over any advantage that might accrue in the future from his inventions. Being an electrician of no mean ability, Harry's father found little difficulty in securing fairly remunerative occupation, with hours

which gave him ample time to follow up his pet hobby.

The Russells now occupied a much more commodious and convenient house, with a lawn in front and a stable in the rear, which the inventor turned into a laboratory. The location was suitable for Harry; for it was only a few blocks away from college. With the betterment of their condition, Mrs. Russell was thankfully able to send Grace to the Sisters' academy, and also to let Clarence, Harry's brother, attend Rockland College.

The morning after the commencement exercises Harry Russell, free for the time being from study and lessons, was enjoying the rare luxury of "having nothing to do." He was rocking himself in a cane rocker on the veranda, and reading the morning paper's account of the graduation exercises, which had been held the night before in one of the largest down-town theatres.

Grace Russell stood behind his chair, with her arms on the back of it, vainly endeavoring from that distance to get a glimpse of the interesting account. In her eagerness to see, she prevented her brother from rocking himself.

"Don't, Grace! I want to read this."

"So do I. I want to see the account of the academy exercises. A reporter was there last night."

"That's nothing. Who cares for girls' commencements? Just a lot of piano strumming, and then some little girls reading papers, and then a court-bow, and it's all over."

"You mean thing! They are not *little* girls. Am I



little? And I'm not yet in the graduating class. Please hurry up, Harry dear!"

Grace was no longer a "little girl." She had grown to a tall, graceful young woman. Dressed in some white fluffy drapery which clung about her figure, in her morning gown she appeared strikingly beautiful. She bore a strong resemblance to her brother. Had a mixed company seen them on the porch that morning, all the men and boys would have declared Harry the handsomer of the two, while all the feminine portion of onlookers would have maintained that Grace was by far prettier. Both would have been correct: Grace was pretty, Harry was handsome.

"All right! You go and sit down, Miss Impatience, and I'll hurry. I cannot possibly read when you are shaking my chair in that fashion."

Grace sat down. She folded her hands in her lap with an air of most perfect resignation, which Harry saw out of the corner of his eye. In a lordly fashion he crossed his legs and seemed absorbed in his reading. He read the account of the Rockland commencement and that of the academy exercises. But instead of then handing the paper over to his sister, he turned to the advertisement page. Hastily running his eye down the "wants" column, he read:

"WANTED.—Employment for two months in office or store; outdoor work preferred. Address: H. Russell, — Street, city."

"Oh, oh! You are going to read the advertisement pages, too, are you? If you are not the teasingest, contrariest, vexingest brother that ev—"

Click, click, click, went the garden gate. Some one was coming up the path.

While this little comedy was being enacted on the porch, a young man might have been seen walking slowly toward the Russell residence. When about a block away he opened a letter, which he perused once more. Looking over his shoulder, one could have read the following on one page:

"Young Russell lives with his parents at — Street. Get him interested in some invention or other. Perhaps it would be better to take him into some partnership, letting him handle most of the correspondence, and so forth. I understand he is beginning to feel his oats—these college chaps often do—and would not, probably, solicit from house to house. Put it on thick. You will supply the capital if he will supply the brains, and all that sort of stuff. Do not spare money. Two thousand dollars ought to do the job. That amount is at your disposal in the First National of your city. Let young Russell make at least three hundred dollars the first six months. Blind him thoroughly. I leave the nature of the patent with which you are to work him to your own discretion. I'm not clever at this sort of thing—never was a mechanical genius. See that young Russell spends none of the money on his younger brother's education. This he will probably want to do. If you succeed you will be two thousand dollars better off when the thing is settled. Keep me posted.

"Sincerely yours,

"JASON CRATCHER."

When Grace saw the stranger draw near she took the paper from her brother's hands and retired within the house, closing the screen door behind her. She had neither more nor less of feminine curiosity than other girls of her age; but in spite of her burning desire to see the academy commencement account, it was not read at present. What could the stranger want? Happily there were no more debts to be paid. What *could* he want? A few moments later one might have heard her mutter, "Pshaw!"

"Good morning! You are young Mr. Russell, I believe?" said the stranger.

"I am. What can I do for you, please?"

"Of Rockland College?"

"Yes, sir. I attend there for one year more."

"Then I am not mistaken. I saw your advertisement in the paper, and I have come to see you about it."

"You are very kind. Please take a seat—or, wait! It will be just as cool and shady under that mulberry-tree on the lawn. Suppose we go out there."

"Just as you wish."

Jason Cratcher's agent took out a cigar case and offered Harry a cigar.

"Thanks! I do not smoke. It is a habit I have not yet acquired."

"So much the better for your purse," replied the other.

Harry waited in silence to hear what the visitor had to propose. The latter had been studying Harry. For a moment he did not know how to begin. Perhaps there was a momentary heart-pricking. There

are some boys who make an atmosphere for themselves so pure and wholesome that from them everything foul and filthy flees. Harry was one of these. He waited patiently, evidently master of the situation.

"I saw, Mr. Russell, by a notice in the paper this morning, that you desire some employment for two months."

"Yes. July and August are vacation months at Rockland. I want to earn some money to pay back in part all my parents have done for me."

"That's a very laudable motive. I am interested in a little business which, if you would like to engage in it, would give very fair returns."

"May I ask what it is, Mr. — Excuse me, sir! You have not yet told me your name."

"My name is Dodsworth—John Dodsworth. I ought to have told you that before. I have recently secured a patent on a spring roller for holding maps, charts, blinds, and so forth. I believe there is money in it, if it can be properly put on the market. I want some bright young fellow to help me, on a salary at first, with perhaps a partnership in the end, if we agree. Now, Mr. Russell, I like your appearance. Are you willing to take my offer?"

Harry hesitated.

"But this is so—so sudden!" he said, with a laugh.

And Dodsworth laughed, too. Harry thought he seemed a nice young fellow. The occupation, though commonplace enough, would furnish employment for the holidays. Harry believed that he could at least make his board at it.

"Do you want me to canvass?"

"Yes, for the first week or two. Ultimately, I have different views for you. The fact is, I am an ignorant man and cannot well manage my correspondence. After you get to know the invention thoroughly, I thought of putting you into the office to manage the advertising and correspondence. There is nothing like printer's ink to make a new thing go."

The enterprise seemed to take Harry Russell's fancy. There might be money in it for both. Looking straight into Dodsworth's eyes, Harry said:

"This is genuine? No fake business?"

Dodsworth met the gaze unflinchingly, although it was a hard moment for him.

"Oh, no, no!" he replied; "no fake whatever. I firmly believe there is money in the invention if it be properly worked—quite sure of it."

"So far, so good. I must ask mother about it. I would not do anything she would disapprove of. The project seems fair and honorable, yet her experience might see something in it objectionable. How much time will you give me before you require a definite answer?"

"I do not know. I should like the matter settled as soon as may be. It would not be fair to myself to keep the offer open too long. Suppose we say till six o'clock to-morrow night?"

"Very well. In the meantime I will think it over."

"I will wait for you then, at this address at six to-morrow."

Mr. Dodsworth handed Harry a card giving the ad-

dress of a down-town office in a very respectable portion of the city.

Now, had Harry Russell been less inexperienced he would have become suspicious. The reader can at once see that the whole proceeding was very unbusiness-like. Men who are wanting employees do not go after them, nor is it generally the custom for them to await the pleasure of those they hire. But these things were not noticed by Harry.

"What did he want?" asked Grace, as soon as Dodsworth had gone.

"Now, Miss Curious, nothing that interests little girls," answered Harry grandly. He felt very important in being sought out by a man of business.

"Oh, you hateful thing! I am sure Claude Grantley wouldn't treat *his* sister so. Harry dear, tell me what he wanted of you."

"That's a secret. He's a promoter."

"A promoter of the League of the Sacred Heart?"

That was the only promoter of which Grace had any knowledge.

"Oh, you simpleton! No: a business promoter. But it's a secret. Where's mamma, Grace?"

"Dodsworth!" said Mrs. Russell, a little later. "That is your Uncle Alvin's wife's family name. What a curious coincidence! But I suppose he cannot be any relation of your aunt. Your father and his brother Alvin fell out nearly twenty years ago. Your father borrowed some money of him to carry on some of those inventions. They finally quarrelled over it. They have never met or corresponded since that time. We believe your Uncle Alvin went to Cali-

fornia. For fifteen years we have never heard of him. Your aunt, Eliza Dodsworth Russell, died about the time of this falling out. Your father would not go to the funeral. That is the last time we ever heard of them."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

THE next day Harry Stanley Russell accepted the position offered him by Dodsworth. He went to work at once. The invention was very simple. It commended itself to the buying public. Harry's sales or orders on the first day were quite considerable. That evening, after his first attempt, he was in high good-humor, although very tired.

"Here, momsey—here's the first fruits!" He threw into his mother's lap four silver dollars.

"My boy," said the proud mother, "you must keep this money yourself. You will be a philosopher next year at Rockland, and will have quite a number of extra fees to pay."

"That's all right, momsey dear! I have thought of that. I'll provide for that, please God, before the vacation is over. But you have to keep the first fruits, anyway."

One morning, toward the end of the first week, John Dodsworth said to the young salesman:

"See here, Russell, I think you would be more valuable in the office: I can get other salesmen. Will you not come inside to-morrow and attend to the sending out of these circulars? You know I told you



when we first met that I was not much of a hand with the pen."

Harry agreed. He was given a separate room. He saw there were a good many letters lying upon the desk to be answered. The business promised to be a paying one if proper time and care were given to it.

"If you take my advice," he said to Dodsworth a day or two later, "you will not send out these circulars."

"Why not?"

"Too flashy—they promise too much. A roller-blind contrivance or a map-holder will not cure all the ills that flesh is heir to. Looks too much like a patent cure-all ad."

"I told you I was no hand at writing. Do as you like. Perhaps you had better draw up another yourself."

This Harry did, and was vastly proud of his work. It was much more modest in its claims, yet much more likely to attract business men.

"If you can see any improvement in our invention," observed Dodsworth, "we will adopt it and have the thing repatented."

Harry did see an improvement. It was adopted at once.

"You are quite an inventor," said Dodsworth.

"It runs in the family, I suppose," answered Harry, rather flattered.

"Now I tell you what we will do, if you are willing. We will draw up partnership papers and make a regular firm of it. You seem to supply the brains; I can do all the talking."

"Hold on, Dodsworth! You forget that I am not yet through college. After September, at least for ten months, I should not be able to give much time to this business: perhaps not more than a couple of hours each afternoon. I could be here all day on Thursdays."

"That will be enough. If the business increases so that you cannot handle all the correspondence, we can easily hire a clerk."

"But I have no capital to put into the business."

"Don't let that worry you. Haven't I told you I can supply the dollars and cents? You can supply the brains. You are an inventor already."

"I'll think it over and let you know in a day or two. I must ask mother about it first."

"What has she to do with it?" said Dodsworth, somewhat testily.

"Everything—for me," replied Harry, loyally and boldly.

"Oh, well, do as you please! I should think you were old enough to act for yourself, though."

"I'm not. Don't you know I'm not yet twenty-one—not till next October? Moreover, I do not intend to be too old for a mother's advice for many years to come."

Knowing the part he was playing, John Dodsworth winced every time Harry Russell mentioned the name of mother. Worldly-wise and world-worn at thirty-five, Dodsworth at these times remembered that in an old homestead farmhouse on a sweet Kentucky hillside there was a mother praying and waiting for *her* wayward son to come home and gladden her

old heart before she died. In his quieter moments, when alone, he saw her pleading gray eyes; at night they peered into his very soul out of the darkness and the distance. What would *she* think of the part he was playing now? If she knew all, would not her gray hairs sink in sorrow to the grave? What would she think if she knew all? Small wonder that Dodsworth disliked the word "mother" to be used in connection with business.

That evening a family council was held over the great question of the partnership. Even Mr. Russell, senior, was induced to spend an extra half-hour over the teacups. From the very first he sanctioned, and was eager for the boy to accept, the offer. The idea of pushing some invention pleased him mightily. His sanguine nature at once saw golden visions.

Grace was pleased with the prospect, although she did not acknowledge as much. She was still piqued that Harry had not made her his confidante in the beginning. She considered that she had been hardly dealt with, especially as she and Harry had always been such chums.

Clarence was in a state of ecstatic excitement. In the proposed arrangement he could see nothing but visions of unlimited "cracker-jack" and popcorn, and balls and bats, and—O glory!—perhaps even a wheel!

The mother was not so sanguine. Her maternal instinct made her cautious. Do what she would, she could not feel enthusiastic over her son's prospects. A presentiment born of a mother's love seemed to warn her of an intangible danger hanging over her

boy. What it was she could not define. Yet there was a something which troubled her.

"Is your friend who appears to have taken such a fancy to you a good man, Harry?" she asked.

"Tiptop, mother! I saw him give Nancy the cripple fifty cents to-day. When I told him she was an old friend of mine, he turned back and gave her another half-dollar. Wasn't that good of him?"

"Is he a Catholic?"

"No, he is not. I do not think he has any religion. He never speaks about it. But that doesn't make him a bad business man."

"But—I—" she began uneasily, still full of the undefined premonition of coming danger.

"Now, look here, momsey dear," said Harry, "your little lambkin has grown into a big boy, who, it seems to me, is quite able to look out for himself."

"But suppose, my child, that he should lead you into bad company? Suppose he should induce you to drink? Such things would break my heart!"

"Oh, we won't suppose such things, momsey darling!" said Harry, as he kissed her. "I do not intend to allow any man to choose my company, or to induce me to drink, either. Rockland College principles are going to be my guide. I'm not going to forget them."

"But how is it that in so short a time he has done so much for you? Many young men work for years before they get a chance of a partnership. Do you understand it?"

"I suppose I am necessary to him," was the reply, given with all the inexperience of youth. "However that may be, he *says* I am. By the way, I was talking

of Clarence to him to-day. He became very much interested. He wants to get acquainted with him. May I invite him home to supper to-morrow and to spend the evening with us?"

Mr. Russell immediately assented, but Grace and her mother were not so easily won over. Finally they, too, consented.

Dodsworth came. He proved a very agreeable person to the household. He romped and played catch with Clarence on the lawn, to that lad's inexpressible delight. He talked electrical inventions to Harry's father until he thought him a wonderful man. To Grace's playing he sang one or two songs quite creditably. The Russell family prejudice—or, more correctly, the mother's prejudice—was being rapidly broken down.

In Cratcher's letter of instruction to Dodsworth there was one clause which puzzled the latter. It read: "See that young Russell spends none of the money on his younger brother's education." He had often read this sentence. He could make nothing of it. Nor did he see how he could prevent Harry from doing it. He could not prevent him from disposing of his share of the profits as he saw fit, considering it was to be his own absolutely. Dodsworth was angry with Cratcher for not being more explicit on this point.

To do Dodsworth justice, it must be stated that he believed he was acting within the limits of the law. Whatever Cratcher's intentions were—and so far Dodsworth knew very little of them—his action of taking a bright, energetic young fellow into partner-

ship in a business which so far had proved quite successful, and promised to become lucrative, was nothing the law could touch. With regard to Clarence, he determined to be guided by circumstances, since he could not make them.

Before Dodsworth left the Russells that evening he quietly put the question of partnership before Harry's mother. She still hesitated.

"I cannot understand your interest in my son," she said; "nor why you should desire to do so much for one who was a stranger not much more than a month ago."

"The benefit is on my own side, madam," he answered with a pleasant laugh. "While I am a pretty good talker, I have no head for the details of correspondence and such things. You see, I am in reality quite selfish."

"And besides, mother," said Harry, "if I make a good thing of this I shall be able to pay Clarence's college expenses. You know, Mr. Dodsworth, Clarence starts in at Rockland next September."

Dodsworth started. Here was his opportunity. Harry and his mother both saw him start. They were not a little surprised at his action, which, of course, they could not understand.

"But why do you start so, Mr. Dodsworth?" Mrs. Russell could not help asking.

"I—oh, nothing, I assure you! Only I was struck with a sudden idea. I am a great friend of education, feeling keenly the want of it myself. You see, I have told you I am selfish with regard to Harry's partnership. The benefit in this is, I assure you, entirely on

my own side. Now it struck me, as I am of a rather philanthropic turn of mind, that I would very much like to be allowed to furnish the expenses of Clarence's education, at least for a couple of years. Will you not consent to this, madam? Let us consider it a kind of bonus from the business for having procured so able a partner as your elder son."

"Since you put it that way, I cannot well refuse," said the mother. "But why you should be so generous I cannot understand."

"Thanks! It is simple enough. It is out of satisfaction for having procured so clever a young partner. It isn't fair for the benefits to be all on one side. Thanks! I'll drop in on the president of Rockland and arrange the matter."

"Mr. Dodsworth," said Mrs. Russell suddenly, "tell me one thing as you would answer to your own mother. Have you any sinister motives on my children?"

It was a foolish question, doubtless, which could do no good; but it came from a mother's over-anxious heart.

John Dodsworth laughed loudly and long—a little too loudly, perhaps, and somewhat too prolonged.

"Sinister motive! Why, no! I assure you candidly it is all a mere business transaction. I expect in the long run to make a pile of money out of it."

This was literally true, but not true in the sense in which poor Mrs. Russell understood it. It is well that the future is sometimes hidden from us.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT.

HARRY RUSSELL returned to college at the opening term in September; and with him proudly went young Clarence, who was promptly placed in the third academic class. Thus a Russell was at the head and tail of the school.

A few days before classes commenced Harry called on Mr. Longstreet, who had all along paid his college fees.

"Hello, Harry! Where have you been keeping yourself all vacation? Out in the country, I suppose."

"No, sir. I have been in town all summer," replied Harry.

"Indeed! I did not see you at all."

"I have been engaged in business."

"That's good. You don't intend to let the grass grow under your feet, eh? What business?"

Harry told him. He also informed him of the partnership he had entered into. Mr. Longstreet began to look serious.

"But is it all right, Harry? Square business? I would not like to see you get into any trouble, you know."

"I am sure of that, sir, thanks! The business is



perfectly right and quite promising. A good thing can be made out of it in the near future, if it be properly looked after."

Harry then, with profuse thanks, politely and delicately informed Mr. Longstreet that he did not think he was justified in longer accepting the annual scholarship.

"Nonsense, my boy! I am perfectly willing to see you out. So far you have been a credit to yourself and to me."

"While very thankful for what you have done for me, sir, I do not think I should take any more of your money."

"My dear boy, such modesty and abnegation are refreshing. You say you have not been in the patent business more than two months. You cannot have earned in that short time enough to pay your way through college and clothe yourself."

"Mr. Dodsworth assured me this morning that there were already over four hundred and twenty dollars in the bank to the credit of the firm of Dodsworth & Russell. To make sure, I went to the bank and asked for a statement. So there are already over two hundred dollars coming to me."

"This is extraordinary. You must have struck a perfect gold mine. Hope it will last. Very well, if you insist. If the money should take unto itself wings and all that, you know where to find me. Do not be afraid to come if your golden bubble should some day burst."

Harry thanked his benefactor heartily.

"By the way," said Mr. Longstreet, "what about

that madcap youngster, the second edition of yourself—your little brother? Cannot I transfer my allegiance to him?"

"I do not think so, sir, thank you! He is provided for, for at least two years."

"By whom?"

"By Mr. Dodsworth. He insisted upon being allowed to do this. By the end of two years I hope to take that on myself, if the business venture continues as successful as it is now."

"So I suppose I must transfer my affection to some other deserving boy. Good-by! Come and see me often."

Harry Russell went out of the kind-hearted man's store with elated spirits and bounding steps. The world just now was a pleasant place to live in. He meant to work hard this year. He was quite determined to take the philosophy medal.

"Strange!" said Mr. Longstreet, as he gazed meditatively through the plate glass of the store door.

"Say, Haylon, what do you think of this affair of Russell?" he asked ten minutes later.

"Cannot make it out at all. Nigger in the fence somewhere. This fellow Dodsworth is practically giving him that money. I must investigate. I hope no harm will come to the lad. I'm going to keep my 'weather eye' open."

There was one feature about this vacation success which was specially gratifying to Harry. He now had some cash at his own disposal. His chief friend of his college life, Claude Grantley, continued periodically to invite him and his sister Grace to his home.

Now that Harry had some money which he could do as he pleased with, he began to think of dressing a little more stylishly than he had hitherto done. In his secret thoughts he was ambitious to possess an evening dress suit. The Grantleys moved in quite a select circle. Harry had often seen and admired men in evening dress at their house, but he could not remember ever having seen any one of his own age appear in one.

Fortunately his common sense saved him from falling into this blunder. He promised himself, however, that as soon as the occasion properly demanded it he would appear in one. For the present he compromised between his desires and the proprieties and purchased a Prince Albert.

Ever since Grace Russell had become acquainted with Ethel Grantley, after the quarrel over the essay prize between their two brothers, they had been fast friends. They were often at each other's houses. This fact, while not the cause, was the occasion of the formation among several members of the senior, or philosophy, class of a certain little social association, which, while harmless enough in itself if kept within proper limits, became the source of much detriment to study among those taking part in it.

Every one will admit that to spend an evening now and again at the home of a college friend, to have a little carpet dance or a game of cards, is a very pleasant and innocent source of amusement. The difficulty is that the ardor and inexperience of youth are apt to allow the pleasant recreation to degenerate

into an abuse by the frequency with which it is indulged in.

This was the case with the members of the class of philosophy to which Harry Russell now belonged. Nearly all of them were of good social standing. Patrick Cullane had already entered the seminary; Harry Russell was the poorest boy in the class. But among the refined it is not money but breeding which opens the door for admittance. Harry was so happy and popular that had he been as poor as Job's turkey he would still have been in great demand. No little gathering was considered complete without him. He was so full of, and sparkling with, well-bred humor that all the boys voted him a jolly good fellow; and all the boys' sisters—well, we will leave it to your sisters to tell you exactly what they would say in such circumstances.

Owing to this popularity there was danger for Harry Stanley Russell. He soon had too many irons in the fire. He gave two hours every afternoon after class to hard office work. He planned in September with Grantley and Armitage to have only three social evenings in every two weeks. But soon other invitations came. First an invitation to Grace, and of course her brother had to act as her escort; then it was a formal invitation from some other house for both brother and sister; then the class reunion assumed larger proportions and after a while was called *soirée* and *conversazione*. It was not very long before Harry and Claude and Bruno found all their evenings occupied. A little guitar or mandolin efficiency, especially for one whose sister sings and plays well,

soon causes a young fellow to be in great demand. What was the consequence of it all for Harry Russell? There followed a neglect of the duties of the hour. His studies began to be most woefully neglected.

Nor was Harry Stanley Russell's case a peculiar and isolated one. This ill-regulated, because untimely, seeking for social amusements is a regrettable feature among those who are pursuing secondary education which the trainers of youth have in these days to contend with, often in deep bitterness of spirit because of the futility of their efforts to stem it. How often has not a distinct call to the highest vocation on earth—the priesthood—been nipped in the bud by some kind but foolish matron who insisted on sending the enticing bit of pasteboard to the young man whose plain duty it was to spend his evenings over the intricacies of mathematics, and all because "he is so nice," or because he fills out a cotillon so gracefully! How often has a kind but foolish matron maimed or perhaps destroyed the most brilliant prospects for a professional career in law or medicine by an unwise insistence of invitations, which, being accepted, have engendered a taste opposite to that necessary for hard study, rendering the victim, in the end, a mere society butterfly! Yes, madam—the *victim*! I remember a case—but this is preaching. Let us get back to our story.

Harry Russell's evenings during the first few months of his graduating year were so occupied that he fell very much behind in studies of the first importance. Grantley and Armitage were in as bad a plight. The three often came to class tired and sleepy from late hours the night before.

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The mastering of philosophy requires calm study. It cannot be acquired, even by the very brightest, as one would learn so many lines and repeat them by rote. Principles and theses have to be grasped and assimilated before they can be defended or applied.

One day about the middle of January the professor of philosophy startled our three friends. It was at the close of the day's classes.

"One minute!" he said to the three. "I am so displeased and discouraged by the way you three are studying, or rather not studying, that I refuse to assume any responsibility with regard to your graduating—no, you need not begin with any excuses; I have heard these too often. The president is now waiting to see you. You will all three, please, go to his room at once."

And the justly indignant professor solemnly walked out of the class room.

"Land o' Goshen! we are in for it now!" exclaimed Grantley, with a white, scared face.

The others were equally frightened. Their faces had as little color in them as Grantley's. They went like criminals to the president's door. One of them gave a most conciliatory knock; they would not disturb the president for the world.

"Come in—come in, boys!" came the well-known voice of the head of Rockland. Each boy anxiously and nervously scanned the great man's face as if to read his own fate therein. A long-drawn "A-ah!" from the president did not mend matters.

"Sit down," he said briefly.

The three sat down as invited—no, *ordered*. They

would not do anything else in the wide world but sit down. When they were seated the president put down his pen and swung his office chair around so as to face them. They were facing the light: he had his back to the light, as he had intended.

"I am sorry, young gentlemen, to hear such unfavorable reports of you."

He paused—cruelly long, the boys thought. Why not say at once what he had to say and have it over?

"It is not what I had expected of you. You have talents—ample talents—to make a good course in philosophy. You are not doing it. Your professor is disheartened. I have called you to give you warning. The warning is this."

The president's short sentences cut like a knife. Each one of the three knew they were true with regard to himself. The head of Rockland sat with his right arm on his roll-top desk. In his hand he held a slim wooden paper-knife. At each sentence he jabbed the point of the knife into a pad of paper, as if thereby to enforce his remarks.

"The warning is this," he continued. "The semi-annual comes on in three weeks. You three, not having done your duty, will get no second chance. If you fail then"—snap went the paper-knife—"if you fail then, you cannot go on. Rockland will throw you aside as I do this broken thing,"—and he threw the two pieces into the waste-paper basket. "I want no excuses. You know the cause why you have given dissatisfaction. Change your habits and get to work. Good evening!"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### AN ESCAPE AND A RELEASE.

"PHEW!" said Bruno, as soon as the dazed three were once more safely in the yard. "That was a stunner! Did a cyclone strike us?"

"Was it short? Was it sweet? Well, I should remark!" said Grantley, with grim humor.

"That knocks our dances and parties sky-high for the rest of this year of grace," observed Harry Russell.

"No: don't say that—" began Claude.

"Do not count me in for *anything* till next July," said Harry. "This is altogether too serious. We have only three weeks till the 'Little Go,' and, to tell you the solemn truth, I do not feel in the least prepared for it. Three weeks! This is terrible!"

"If we failed, do you think he would drop us?" asked Bruno.

"Sure as a gun—a Mauser at that," replied Harry. "I call all engagements off. Make my excuses to your sister Ethel and your mother, Claude, for my absence to-night. I am going to work."

"So am I," said Claude. "Guess we had better call all the parties off from now till the end of the year—till July."



"It would be the best and safest thing to do," said Armitage. "My, but won't there be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth to-night in two or three houses!"

When Harry Russell reached home he went straight to his own bedroom and began to work in earnest. On his way he had telephoned to Dodsworth to tell him he could not attend to any business for three weeks. Dodsworth seemed very compliant. He assured Harry that it would be all right. He could manage: the bank account was steadily growing, the sales increasing. According to Cratcher's instructions, Dodsworth was determined to have at least five hundred dollars to Harry's credit before the end of six months, whether the sales warranted it or not.

Presently a gentle tap at Harry's bedroom study door.

"Who's there?"

"I—Grace."

"What do you want?"

"Let me in."

"I can't—I'm busy."

"I won't go till you do."

Harry knew from experience that the way to gain time was to let his sister in. He got up and opened the door.

"Well?"

"O Harry! shall I wear my organdie or shall I put on my white piqué for the Grantley party to-night?"

"Neither. The party is declared off."

"O-oh!"

Grace's eyes were very near filling.

"Have you boys quarrelled?"

"No, but there will be no more parties until after graduation."

"No—more—parties! *Harry!*"

"It's a fact. All are off until after examinations. Can't afford to lose any more time."

And Harry then told the wondering Grace of the awful interview with the president.

"That mean old thing of a professor! He did it all!" she said petulantly.

"Hush, Grace! Remember he is a priest. You shouldn't talk that way. Never mind, Gracie dear!" he said, very sorry for her disappointment and with a self-reproach for the abrupt manner of communicating unpleasant intelligence. "Never mind! Wait till after exams are over; then won't we make up for lost time! There! there! don't cry. I have to prepare for the semi-annual for the next three weeks, night and day. If these dangerous rocks and shoals are passed, then we may have a few—just a *few*—parties by the end of June. To tell you the truth, sis, I have had such a scaring up that for the present I have no relish for any kind of amusement."

By this conversation it can be seen that the president's incisive words had the effect he intended. It also shows that while our friend Harry had abundance of good will, he lacked a certain amount of discretion. Recreation is an aid to hard and conscientious study; entire abstention from it is unwise. It is only the abuse of it which leads to the neglect of study.

When our three friends settled down to solid work they realized how much time they had frittered away since September. Practically, they had to go over the whole year's work. It was dry work, too; but they kept at it faithfully. Their professor watched them closely. As their earnest attention manifested itself in class, he again became reconciled with them. His manner had changed so much toward them that about three days before the dreaded semi-annual they ventured to ask him what their chances of passing were. He answered kindly:

"I believe that all you three boys needed was a good shaking up. I am well satisfied now with your efforts. Keep them up. What do I think of your chances? I think it is quite possible that you may pull through."

Whereat the three were very much encouraged. At length the important day came. There were fifteen in the class. Early that morning the boys peeped into their class room, and, lo! it was metamorphosed. In the place of the professor's desk and platform there were five easy-chairs for the examining board. Before this row of chairs was placed a small table covered with a cloth, and a plain chair. Here the one to be examined would sit. Harry thought it looked very formidable.

Soon after eight o'clock the president, their professor, and three other Fathers solemnly filed into the class room. Most of the class were in the chapel, just across the corridor, saying, "Hail Marys"—it must be confessed, in a very distracted manner—for their own success and for the success of their friends.

The class was examined alphabetically. Armitage, owing to this arrangement, had second place, a boy named Albert Ames going in first. Armitage came out jubilant. The examiners were kind and, he declared, "dead easy," which probably means that they happened to ask him questions on subjects about which he knew something. Grantley "faced the music," as he said, the seventh. Poor Russell was nearly last. He was thirteenth on the list, and it was nearly noon when he entered the examiners' room. His two special friends waited for him.

"What did you get?" asked one, as he emerged with a peculiarly unhappy smile on his face.

"A lot of stuff about concepts and certitude."

"Did you get through, do you think?"

"Haven't the remotest idea. Don't remember a word I answered. Some of the examiners smiled and nodded their heads once in a while. I guess it's all right."

"Let us wait, boys, and find out the results," suggested Grantley. "I want the agony over."

They waited what they thought a reasonable time after the board rose—but which was actually less than seven minutes—and then rapped gently at the president's door.

"Did we pass, Father?"—very timidly from Harry.

"Did *we* pass? That means, did all pass? You do not think that all fifteen were successful; do you?"

"I mean we three."

"Oh, the scapegraces! Well, boys, I cannot really say. The examiners have not handed in their notes yet. They are at lunch now. Come again at two o'clock."

They jumped on their wheels and scattered to their homes. Promptly at the time appointed they were again at the president's office.

"Come in, boys. Let me see who you are. Grantley, Armitage, and Russell. Wait a minute." He then ran down the list. "Hm! One! There's another—two! I am afraid—ah, here it is—three! I congratulate you all three. You passed on a close margin—very close indeed; Armitage the closest of all. You are all three safe. Now, boys, I see you took to heart my warning of three weeks ago. I hope for the next half there will be no cause for complaint. Put away your musical instruments and leave parties alone until after next June."

"Thank you, Father!—many thanks!"

"Do not thank *me*: thank yourselves for having had sense enough to settle down to work in time. There! be off with you; I am very busy. Oh, by the way, Russell, here is a note for you which came by a messenger boy a few minutes ago. I believe it is from your friend, Mr. Haylon."

The note ran:

*Dear Defender of the Princess of the Golden Locks: Can you come to my office at four? I have something important to tell you.*

Yours sincerely,

JAMES HAYLON.

"It's lucky this message came to-day instead of yesterday," mused Harry. "I wonder what he wants with me?"

Harry telephoned from the college to the lawyer; but the latter would give him no information that

way. He merely told him not to bring his wheel and to be there at the time appointed.

Punctually at four Harry Russell walked into the lawyer's office.

"Sit down, Harry. Now tell me all about your patent-roller business."

"How did you come to hear that I was in it, sir?"

"I heard it from Longstreet. Tell me everything."

Harry told his friend the whole story, as related in these pages.

"It is wonderful," he remarked, when he had heard all. "I confess I do not understand it. I have made inquiries about this Dodsworth. He is a stranger around here. Comes from somewhere in Kentucky. But it is a fabulous sum to make in less than six months on a patent which would not require two hundred dollars to put on the market. How much do you say the thing has already made?"

"Last night Mr. Dodsworth told me that there was to the credit of the firm in the bank close on the sum of six hundred and fifty dollars."

"Dodsworth! Dodsworth! Where *have* I heard that name before? For the life of me I cannot think. However, that was not the reason I sent for you. You will be sorry to learn that your old friend, the little cripple, is very sick."

"Indeed I am, sir—very sorry. Poor little girl!"

"She has been ill over two weeks." (He did not tell Harry that he had supplied her with medicine and every delicacy he could think of.) "I fear she will never get up again. Poor child! I was down Cat Alley this morning. She asked for you. I promised

to bring you to see her this afternoon. Will you come?"

"Certainly, sir; I shall be glad to go."

"She is very low, and she keeps whispering some words which neither the woman in attendance nor myself can understand. Perhaps you will be able to make them out."

The lawyer led the way into one of the slums of the city, and into one of the most squalid blind alleys that could be found in the slums.

"Pretty tough place, sir," said the policeman. as the two turned into the alley. "Better let me go with you."

"Oh, no!" replied Mr. Haylon. "The people know me hereabout. I'm safe. I am going to see a sick girl."

"Nan, is it? I'm afraid she's got her death," said the policeman.

"I believe so, too."

Picking their way carefully in the dark of an early night of winter they entered a low underground room. The air was fetid from want of ventilation and the smoke of an untrimmed lamp.

"Do you know me, Nancy?" asked the kind lawyer, in tones as sweet and gentle as a mother's, as he bent over the suffering child.

"Yes, sir," came the faintest whisper. "Is the good boy here?"

"Yes, Nancy: Harry Russell is here. He has come to see you."

The sinking child weakly disengaged her hand from a pair of beads which was wound around her fingers. She gently touched Harry's face.

"You were—good—to—me!" came another faint whisper. "Good—good!"

"What does she say?" inquired the lawyer, turning to Harry.

"Speak, Nannie," said Harry. "Your old friend is here. What do you want to say to me?"

She was sinking fast. The boy, putting his ear close to her lips, heard, or thought he heard, her say:

"Dodsworth—Russell!"

"Why, she is talking about our firm name—Dodsworth & Russell! How did she come to hear anything about it?"

Harry put down his ear again. Again he heard the same words, but more faintly pronounced; and then he was under the impression that he caught the word "bad."

"Ah, now I have it!" said the lawyer excitedly. "Now I see. It's all clear to me. Thank you, Nancy! I understand. Good girl. Keep quiet now. I know what you want. The story you told me in the Chamber of Commerce corridor."

The girl's strength was fast waning. She spoke with her beautiful eyes. She was understood at last! Her eyes thanked the lawyer. Then they closed peacefully. Haylon put the beads back into her hands.

"Has she seen a priest?" asked Mr. Haylon of the weeping and bedraggled woman standing beside the bed.

"Yes, sir. He came this afternoon and anointed her. Half an hour later he brought her Viaticum. After that she sank rapidly."



"Are you her mother?"

"No, sir. She was a waif. I took her in and fed her when a baby. There's a mystery about her."

"You are a good woman," said the lawyer, kindly, seeing only the nobility of her deed, and losing sight of the squalor of the surroundings.

"Thank you kindly, sir! It's few kind words I have had spoken to me these many years."

Her tears flowed afresh.

"Kneel, Harry!" said Mr. Haylon.

The two knelt by the poor bedside, and together they repeated the prayers for the departing soul. Earnestly the man prayed, and wept for compassion, too. What would the judge upon the bench, the jurymen in the box, the opposing counsel say, could they have seen the great lawyer and corporation counsel—whose name was prominently mentioned as candidate for governor of his State—could they have seen him at this moment kneeling at the bedside of a poor crippled girl, soothing her last moments, and doing all in his power to assist a trembling soul at the portals of eternity?

Men admire grandeur in men in any form. We would fain hope that both judge and jury—aye, and even the politicians, too—would have thought a great deal more highly of Mr. Haylon than they had ever done before. One thing is certain. James Haylon would not have cared one red pepper what others would think of him when he knew that he could do some good or relieve some suffering. But he would prefer to let no one know anything about it.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### A SORE TRIAL.

WHEN the foster-mother of the little cripple saw the child had passed away, she threw herself upon the bed where the body lay, in an abandon of grief. Mr. Haylon tried to soothe her, but waited until the first outburst of grief was passed. He was tenderness itself when he spoke.

Most men live dual lives. Those who knew the lawyer in his fierce forensic combats of the courts, battling with voice and brain for his client—stern, unrelenting, leonine, and with eagle glance detecting flaws in his opponent's armor—would scarcely have recognized him in the gentle comforter, soothing an old and slovenly woman's grief—a woman, too, of the slums, from whom Respectability would make a wide *détour* for fear of contamination.

After assuring the mourner that he would attend to the funeral arrangements and expenses, he and Harry took their departure. As they were leaving, the poor woman moaned:

"It's never a chick or child I have now to care for! Oh, sir, she was all the world to me!"

"The poor girl is better off now, Mrs. McSweeney."

"That's true, sir, but it's lonesome I'll be without her." And the tears flowed afresh.

"She was not your child, you say?"

"No: I adopted her when she was a baby. She was as dear to me as one of my own."

"I quite believe it. Her news-stand in the Chamber of Commerce comes to you. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I will buy it from you. Here is thirty dollars for it. Will you take that?"

"May God Almighty in heaven bless you, and the blessings of a poor woman go with it!"

He did not tell her that the stand and all its stock belonged, of right, to him. The purchase was in reality a polite fiction. For many months he had supplied all the salable articles on Nancy's stand. He would not dream of letting the woman know that.

The next morning Mr. Dick of the Brass Buttons was installed in the cripple's place. And a proud boy he was, with a crisp ten-dollar bill for capital, and a well-stocked stand with which to begin business.

When Harry Russell and the lawyer left the hovel where Nancy died, the latter walked so rapidly that the boy could scarcely keep up with him. He was thinking deeply. Harry had sense enough not to disturb his thoughts.

Russell had thoughts of his own to keep him occupied. The mystery of life and death and suffering had come home to him with startling vividness. Great thoughts—thoughts which make men of boys—were crowding in upon him. This was the first time he had met Death face to face. His mind was filled with a variety of emotions.

"Will you come home to dinner with me, Harry?" said Mr. Haylon, as they emerged again into the business portion of the city.

"I thank you, sir, but I prefer not to go this evening. I want to go home and think."

"Very well, my boy. But do not get morbid over this evening's experience. Remember that Divine Providence overrules everything. Good night!"

The following day, with the clue the dying girl had given him, Mr. Haylon set on foot an investigation which was eventually to change the current of Harry Russell's life.

But while the astute lawyer is making his preliminary inquiries, we will leave him for a time and relate an incident in Harry Stanley Russell's college career which was to prove the bitterest experience of his life. He was destined to cry: "If an enemy had done this I could have borne it; but that my friend should rise up against me!" It all came about in this wise.

Our readers will remember that the friendship of Claude Grantley and Harry Russell began with the incident of the quarrel over the prize essay on St. Anselm. Harry's noble explanation of the difficulty caused a mere schoolboy acquaintanceship to ripen into strong friendship. This friendship was bound and cemented by a mutual esteem. It had never been marred nor broken up to the time of the incident now about to be recorded. Just before it happened, owing to the common danger they had passed through with regard to the treacherous "semi-annual," their liking for each other was never more solid. But a

dangerous familiarity, which among the inexperienced and the thoughtless is apt to breed contempt, was the origin of the trouble.

Harry Russell dressed very stylishly during his last year at college. To those who watched him closely there appeared the slightest traces of superciliousness. This was not marked except to those who knew him well. To the ordinary run of boys at Rockland he was the same genial, good-natured Harry, the friend of the small boy and protector of the weak.

All the boys noticed that he dressed better—wore higher collars and was more particular as to the set of his necktie and the polish of his shoes. But every one knows that as boys get higher in college they begin to pay more attention to their personal appearance. It is a natural evolution. It creates no particular notice at a college. The opposite would create more.

Now, Harry, with his many excellent qualities, was not ideal. He was rather sensitive. He foolishly disliked that any of his companions should refer to his former impecuniosity. It is true that his domestic affairs were now in a much better state than they were ever before within his memory. His father, under Mr. Longstreet's aid and his influence, had kept steadily at work. As an experienced electrician he earned good wages, so that comfort was once more to be had at home. Yet Harry was sensitive. One day he was extremely angry because some one in his class had slightly hinted in a foolish way that the class parties had been broken up, not so much for the sake of the studies which had been neglected, but to avoid

their expense. It was, of course, a foolish remark. Harry was more foolish in taking it up as if it were intended for him and for him alone.

Grantley observed his ill-humor. He was surprised at his friend. Harry could not be a cad, he thought; yet this looked like caddishness.

One day Claude, unfortunately, made a great blunder. It was a day or two after the "semi-annual" in February. He and Harry were in the college library, each selecting a book for "a good read" on the next day, which was the regular holiday.

"What shall I read?" said Harry. "I really do not know what to choose—Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, or one of our own Catholic American writers—Egan, Finn, Lecky. Among so many treasures it is hard to choose."

"I am going to stick to Dickens," said Grantley, "until I have read all his works. Ah, here's the one I want!—'The Mystery of Edwin Drood.' Mrs. Crispingle is delicious. Say, Harry," he continued, "I tell you what you should read"—and he took down a volume of Thackeray—"you should read his chapter on 'Snobs.' It's fine."

Why did Russell blush? Perhaps he was a little nervous and overwrought. The death of Nancy had upset him. His "plugging" on account of neglected work for three weeks had been hard on him. A reaction was setting in. He was not quite himself. Then he was the least bit, ever so little, conscious that he was acting in a manner—well, not becoming to an American gentleman. This consciousness stung him. In a moment he was angry.

"What do you mean?" he asked, with passionate anger in his eyes.

Grantley saw that he had made a mistake. He tried to pass it off lightly.

"It's fine literature, Harry: you will enjoy it."

"What do you mean?" he again inquired, more angrily than before. "Do you intend to insult me?"

"Not at all!"

"Yes, you do."

"No, *I do not*. Harry, be reasonable, old fellow."

"Don't 'old fellow' me, please!"

"Umph! you are rather huffy to-day."

"Huffy or not, I won't let you or anybody else insult me."

Claude, foolish fellow, began to get angry too.

"Who is insulting you? I tell you I was not; but if the cap fits, you may wear it. Perhaps, after all, it would be well for you if you did read something about snobs. I am not the only one who has noticed you. A little money in one's pocket doesn't make a gentleman."

"I—I—I—" began Harry Russell, but he was too angry for speech.

Grantley snatched up his Dickens and left the room.

Russell sat down in a daze. What had he done? Quarrelled with his best friend! Fallen out with the boy whom he really loved! It seemed as if it were all a dream, the whole episode was so sudden and unreal. Oh, this ought not to be! It *must* not be. It was all a mistake. He jumped up and followed Claude. He got into the yard just as Grantley was mounting his wheel.

"O Claude, Claude! it's all a—"

Grantley did not stop. Evidently he was angry too.

"When your common sense returns, I'll talk to you!" And he was off.

What little things make or mar our happiness! A hasty word, a thoughtless remark. The pity of it!

Russell went home actually sick at heart. He knew he was to blame. He had been too hasty, too sensitive, and too foolish. But pride also whispered that Claude was to blame as well. Yes, let him come and apologize.

Grantley argued much in the same way. He had been foolish; he should have kept his advice to himself. Yet Russell *was* too uppish lately. Then let him make the first approaches toward a reconciliation. Russell must do that, or otherwise—well, he didn't care.

He did care, however, very much. Both spent a miserable evening and Thursday. On Friday each waited for the other to make the first approach. Neither of them made it. They did not speak to each other all that day, in class or out of it. Two unhappier boys could not be found at Rockland. Saturday passed in the same way—and Monday. Misunderstandings between friends soon become inveterate. By the next Wednesday night—one week—it seemed to both as if they had been apart for centuries.

The quarrel involved the two boys in many awkward situations. Their sisters remained as fast friends as ever, blissfully unconscious of the condition of affairs between their brothers.

"I am going over to the Grantleys, Harry," said



Grace, on the first Sunday afternoon after the quarrel. "Will you come for me in the evening?"

"Really, you take up a great deal of my time," said her brother testily. "It is not far and there are electric lights all the way. Can't you come home alone?"

"*Well, I never!*" exclaimed Grace. "Um-um! if my own brother does not want to see me safely home, I guess I can ask Claude. Probably he will be more accommodating."

"Ask him," said Harry shortly.

She did, but Harry took care to be out of the house when he came.

As the days went by the breach grew wider. There was one redeeming feature about the quarrel. Both of the belligerents were too high-minded to say anything mean or ugly about the other. Each bore his annoyance—and his sorrow—in silence.

## CHAPTER XX.

### FRIENDS AGAIN.

RUSSELL and Grantley were enthusiastic amateur photographers. Both homes were adorned with some really fine pictures that the boys had taken and exchanged in the palmy days of their friendship. It so happened that Mr. Dalrymple was an enthusiast in this line as well. It was he who had given these two boys the first lessons in the mysteries of the art. One day he met them in the corridor.

"I have been trying to see you two for a day or more," he said. "I am preparing a lecture entertainment for Washington's Birthday. Will you help me, both of you, to dust and arrange the slides?"

"Do you want me, sir, or—" began Harry Russell.

"I want you both. I have plenty of work for both."

Neither boy liked to refuse. Thus it came about that evening after class that the two were thrown together for the first time in many days. They worked on in silence, except when one or the other spoke to Mr. Dalrymple. That gentleman soon saw how the land lay. There had been a falling out. Of that he was certain. How could he manage to effect a reconciliation? He was at a loss what to do.

Both boys were working on the same set of slides, numbering and arranging them for the professor.

Sometimes their hands would accidentally touch—if, for instance, one through inadvertence was out of order in taking up every other slide. "Excuse—" one would begin, and then suddenly stop short; while the other would make a substitute for acceptance of the quasi-apology by a sound somewhere between a word and an inhalation of the breath.

They had worked on in this strained way for nearly an hour. The sets of slides were nearly all finished. By this time it was growing dusk, so that they had to light the gas in order to see to finish their work.

"I have one more set, boys, and then I will release you."

The teacher put the last box of slides on the table between them. Harry Russell stretched out his hand at once to lift the lid of the box. Just at the moment Grantley did the same. For some unknown reason, at the instant of doing this Claude became distracted. Harry felt the pressure of his whilom friend's hand on his own as it rested on the lid—he felt the palm of a hand which he had so often taken in his own, and which he would now give the world to shake once more in friendship. Claude's distraction lasted not more than three seconds, but it sent a thrill through each.

"Oh, excuse me! I was not think—" began Claude; then he checked himself as he remembered that he was talking to one whom he thought he hated.

"It was my fault—" and Harry stopped short for the same reason.

What geese boys are in general and these two in particular! Here was a good opportunity for a recon-

ciliation for which both were longing. Had their sisters been placed in a similar juxtaposition, they would have kissed and made up in a trice.

The two boys went on sorting the slides according to a directive lecture catalogue. The set happened to be a very pretty one. It was a series of illustrations of a story published in one of the magazines some years before, and which was at the time immensely popular. It was the story of a suffering child, whose continual pains were partly alleviated by the fascination it had for a set of tin soldiers. The mother and father were not living harmoniously together. One day, striding in anger across the sick-room, the father stepped upon and flattened one of the soldiers. The child wanted an explanation, which neither father nor mother could nor dared to give. The death of the child restored peace and harmony to the sorrowing parents. One, taking up the flattened tin soldier, said: "He knows now!" The other replied: "Yes, but at what bitter cost!"

The touching story was well known to both the boys. In fact not long before they had read it together. The photo-slides had been well executed.

Incidentally, Harry Russell lifted the last of the series up to the gaslight. He was much impressed by its beauty.

"Beautiful!" he said, forgetful of his strained relations with his companion.

Claude was carried away for the moment. Without thinking, and from force of long habit, he put his hand on Harry's shoulder and said:

"What is? Let me see."

Both looked at the slide held up to the light. Their heads were close together.

"At what bitter cost!"

For the first time in many long days their eyes met. There was a timid, wavering look in each pair. But still there was a look of love—of hungry love. The mutual look broke the ice. The stemmed torrent of their affection for each other rushed back.

"Harry!"

"Claude!"

Both spoke in tones scarcely above a whisper. Young men are not as a rule demonstrative. This was enough. Each had spoken—intentionally—to the other. Two right hands sought each other as if by spontaneous action. The clasp was long and warm, burying animosity, and pride, and coolness, breaking down all the foolish barriers which had arisen between them.

"At what bitter cost!" said Harry.

"At what bitter cost indeed!" replied the other.

"Harry!"

"Well?"

"What geese we have been all this time!"

"Perfect geese!"

"And how miserable I have been!"

"Not more than I have; you may bet on that, Claude!"

"Well?"

"I think I shall go over to the library and take out the book which has the chapter on 'Snobs.'"

"Oh, don't, Harry! I was so foolish at the time I suggested it."

"Not at all. I believe I was growing to be one. This affair has taught me a lesson," admitted Harry. "Claude!"

"Well?"

"I think if Grace goes over to see Ethel this evening I will come at nine to bring her home."

"Do, old man! It seems an age since you have been to the house."

"If I don't come, and you bring her back, you won't find me away from home."

Mr. Dalrymple, coming suddenly into the room where the boys were working, was delighted to see the two laughing and chatting like magpies. And perhaps it was not the picture held to the gaslight that did it all. Certainly there were two sore hearts held apart by a foolish pride and longing to be reconciled. Mr. Dalrymple had quietly dropped into the students' chapel during his absence and said a prayer that the two might again become friends.

"Grace, going over to see Ethel to-night?" said Harry an hour later.

"Ho! ho! A certain brother doesn't seem to care very much lately whether his sister goes or not."

"Gracie, are you going?"

"I don't know yet."

"Please go!"

"There! Now I'm sure of it. You two had a falling out—keep quiet and let me talk—you had a quarrel with Claude Grantley, and now you have made up."

## CHAPTER XXI.

### LAWYER HAYLON PUZZLED.

LAWYER HAYLON shook his head. This, for him, meant a great deal. It meant that he was sorely puzzled. He was sitting alone in his private office, thinking, and thinking deeply. When he wanted to solve a peculiarly knotty problem he always shut himself in his private office. For a lawyer of such extended and lucrative practice the room was remarkably bare. The walls were merely plastered. There were no pictures nor ornaments about the apartment. He held a theory that pictures and almanacs and ornaments are distractions to a thinking man. He declared that for him the broad, unobstructed surface of a white wall was the best incentive to thought. He sat with his elbows on his desk, staring in front of him. Occasionally he ran his fingers through his gray-black hair, leaving it in a sadly tumbled condition.

It was the day after Nancy's funeral. He was puzzled over many things. He was not satisfied with the Dodsworth-Russell partnership. It was so out of the ordinary methods of business procedure that he determined to watch and investigate. What did the crippled child intend by mentioning the name of this

firm when dying? Perhaps it was not the firm she meant, after all. It could not be the firm she intended; for she had mentioned the name of Dodsworth, and in connection with Harry Russell's name, before the patent roller business had been thought of.

The lawyer put on his hat and went over to the bank.

"Yes," said the principal clerk, "the firm of Dodsworth & Russell opened an account with us last summer. It is gradually creeping up. They have nearly a thousand dollars to their credit now. It seems they have struck some lucky patent. Are you thinking of going into the business, Mr. Haylon?"

The lawyer then sauntered into the office of Dodsworth & Russell. Mr. Dodsworth was reading a paper.

"I would like to purchase one of your patent map rollers."

A sample was produced.

"Selling many?"

"A few."

"Business increasing?"

"Not just now. At present there is a lull. Expect it to pick up as the sun gets stronger. You see the article we sell is a roller shade as well as a map roller."

Mr. Haylon paid a dollar and a half for this purchase. He took it under his arm and walked back to his office.

"Nothing in *that* business," he said to himself, "or in the method of conducting it, to warrant a rapidly increasing bank account. It's all very mysterious. I do hope my young friend Harry is not being led into trouble, or being made the dupe of some designing



knave. What did the child mean by mentioning Baltimore? Ha! did she not mention something about a legatee? Certainly she did. How foolish to forget all about that until now! The fellow is a rogue. I believe I will send Northcliff to Baltimore to hunt around a bit."

This jumble of sentences must be explained by stating that Mr. Haylon was speaking his own thoughts aloud. Presently he rang a little silver hand-bell.

"Send Mr. Northcliff to me, please."

Lawyer Haylon, like Napoleon, had the peculiar talent of gathering around him, and holding, men of remarkable worth. Northcliff was one of these. He was one of the brainiest and most promising of the young lawyers of the city, and loyally devoted to his chief.

"Can you start for Baltimore this evening?"

"In two hours, if you wish."

"The nine o'clock express will do. That will give you seven hours. Can you conveniently be away for several weeks—say two months?"

"Easily."

"Thanks!"

The lawyer then told Mr. Northcliff what he required of him. He related in full Nancy's warning, explained Russell's partnership, with its receipts disproportionate to the business done; and gave a succinct account of his suspicions.

"I do not know if any good will come of your search. Hunt up this Dodsworth the girl mentioned. Use an information bureau, if there is one in Baltimore. Find out what you can. I would go myself if

I could get away. It is all very vague, isn't it? Something may turn up. I think something *will*—and my instinct or intuition, or whatever you call it, is rarely wrong."

That evening there was a knock at the door of the Russell residence. Harry, in his shirt sleeves and collarless, with his fingers between the pages of a book, answered the summons.

"Mr. Haylon! Good evening, sir! Come in, please! Sit down by the fire. Let me call mother, and make myself presentable."

"All right, my boy: call the mother. In the meantime I'll warm my toes. My, but it's cold outside!"

Mrs. Russell soon came, all in a flutter at a visit from the prominent lawyer. Mr. Haylon in his happy way made her understand that he was not the bearer of any evil tidings.

"Now, Mrs. Russell," he said cheerily, "send that young scapegrace to bed or somewhere. I want to talk to you privately on family affairs."

"O sir!" exclaimed Harry, in dismay, "may I not stay?"

"You may not, my dear young friend—this time. Trust me, Harry. I will tell you to-morrow all that is necessary for you to know."

"Go, Harry!" said Mrs. Russell.

Lawyer Haylon's admiration was divided between her calm, matronly dignity and the boy's loving, docile obedience.

"That's a fine boy," said Mr. Haylon, after Harry had left the room.

"Thank God, he is a good son!"

"You may think it rather strange, madam, that I should request him to leave, but it is about him that I wish to talk to you."

"Yes?" she said, anxiously, a mother's fears rising uppermost. "He has not been getting into any trouble?"—she unconsciously clasped her hands as one who is familiar with griefs.

Mr. Haylon laughed heartily.

"No danger of that, Mrs. Russell! Harry is all right—one of the finest young men I have ever known. Five feet ten, isn't he? Too good-looking, though. Does he spend much time before the looking-glass?" Then he continued, more seriously: "Excuse me if I appear to pry into your family affairs; that is often a lawyer's business. I am keenly interested in your son. I want some information which you can give. Have you any objection to giving it?"

"None in the least, Mr. Haylon. It is very kind of you to take such an interest in my boy."

"Pooh-pooh! He's a good lad. He interests me—has interested me ever since he made me hold his bundle of papers for him. Will you please tell me whether Harry's father—he is rather unapproachable, isn't he?—has any relatives. Who are his next of kin?"

Mrs. Russell told the lawyer that her husband had a brother who was considered by those who knew him to be somewhat eccentric. He had many peculiar notions, one of which was an utter antipathy to men who spent their time in working out mechanical contrivances and inventions. He claimed that machinery

had ruined all kinds of handicraft, increased the nation's wants, and made the demand for labor scarce.

"You know, I suppose, sir, of my husband's mania in this direction?" she continued. "From his youth he has always had some great enterprise on foot, which was always accompanied by visions—as yet quite futile—of immense prospective wealth. It was probably this infatuation that turned his brother against him."

"Well, now, what was, or is, your brother-in-law's name, Mrs. Russell?"

"Alvin Dodsworth Russell is his name."

Lawyer Haylon started perceptibly.

"That was the name which little Nancy used—Harry has told you, of course, of her death—when she was dying. We thought she had learned the name of Harry's partner and was speaking about him and Harry. Was this Alvin Dodsworth wealthy? Did he have, or has he, any property?"

"I have not the remotest idea," replied Harry's mother. "It is a long time since we have heard from or about him."

"Was he married?"

"Yes; but his wife died years ago."

"Had he any children?"

"None."

"Where did he usually live?"

"He travelled considerably from one place to another. I know that after his wife died he went to California; two years later we heard of his being in Pennsylvania. Since then I heard some vague report that he had removed into Maryland."

"Have you any idea whether he is now living or dead?"

"None whatever; or where, if living, he may be. Most likely he is dead. He never was a robust man, and he was eighteen years older than my husband. He must be near seventy now."

"Did Alvin Dodsworth Russell have any other brothers or any other blood relations beside your husband?"

"Of that I am sure—none at all. The two were left orphans in childhood. My husband has no other relative."

Mr. Haylon had all the information he could procure for the present.

"Not that Harry's partnership has anything to do with his Uncle Alvin, but do you not think it a strange coincidence that this extraordinarily kind man—kind beyond the common run of business men—do you not think it strange that this man should bear the same name as your brother-in-law?"

"When Harry told me of this young man's generous offer I was impressed by the coincidence. Dodsworth is not a very common name."

"What do you think of Harry's good luck?"

"I thank God that he has been so fortunate. The money has been of great assistance to the household. Although my husband has constant employment now, quite a little sum is swallowed up in purchasing this, that, and the other, for his endless experiments."

"To tell you the truth, Mrs. Russell, I am puzzled over this partnership. The reputed profits seem to be out of all proportion to the actual sales."

"But you do not think there is dishonesty?" asked the lady nervously.

"None—none as far as your boy is concerned, certainly; none, as far as I can discover, on the part of Dodsworth. They constitute a legally incorporated firm. Everything appears to be all right. Yet, as I said, the profits are absurdly large for the capital invested."

"Do you think Harry should give it up?" asked Mrs. Russell, the anxious, careworn look returning to her eyes—eyes which in darker days vainly searched in odd pockets and dresses for stray coins to keep the wolf from the door.

"Oh, no, no!—not, at least, for the present. Take what the Lord provides. It is not wise to put on our pattens and walk three miles before breakfast to meet trouble. If we are to have it, it will come soon enough. No. The business is an honest one. It will be something for Harry to fall back upon after his graduation, until he settles on a profession; it will keep him out of mischief for a time. Has Harry ever spoken to you on the subject of his vocation?"

"No, he has not. There is nothing I should so dearly love as to see my son at the altar. But I do not believe he has the slightest thought of such a vocation, and I would rather die than be guilty of trying to force one into a state for which he has no calling or inclination."

"Very sensible, madam. Well," Mr. Haylon added, rising to go, "I will keep a sharp lookout. That poor newspaper girl one day overheard a strange conversation. I am going to investigate it. There is

a mere possibility that something may result. Where is the boy? You may come out of your banishment now, Harry. Oh, yes, of course! Your eyes are now nothing but two interrogation points. Patience, boy! Come to see me on Thursday afternoon and I will tell you all that is good for you to know."

## CHAPTER XXII.

### NORTHCLIFF'S STORY.

AFTER a period of about two weeks the young lawyer, Mr. Northcliff, wrote to his principal. The letter was large and bulky, containing many sheets of foolscap closely written. It was evident the young man had not let the grass grow under his feet.

"I have collected a large mass of evidence in connection with the case," Northcliff wrote. "Your little crippled friend heard the name correctly. It is Alvin Dodsworth Russell. He is a brother of young Harry's father. The following is the history, so far as I have yet discovered. I admit that it is incomplete. I will send you further information as soon as I get it. With regard to the mysterious word which Nancy heard—the word 'legatee'—I have as yet been unable to procure any light upon it whatever."

Divested of Mr. Northcliff's somewhat heavy and redundant style, and pruned of all the legal technical phrases, the story thus far learned of Harry's uncle is as follows:

Alvin Dodsworth Russell and George Le Mar, his brother and Harry's father, were the only children of the family. They passed their childhood in a town in the pine regions of Northern Michigan. Their father



kept a grocery and general notion store, and did a good business with the various lumbering camps in the vicinity. The two boys were more of woodsmen and huntsmen than townsmen. With nothing but their guns, they would be off in the forest for days together. They were excellent shots, and great rivals in hunting.

George Le Mar even in early youth gave evidence of an extraordinarily inventive turn of mind. He would construct the most ingenious snares and nets for forest animals. Alvin's trend was never to allow a penny to remain idle. He claimed that it was useless if it did not produce another of its kind. At twenty-one he had several hundred dollars in the bank.

It is rare that the money-getting qualification goes with the turn for investigation and invention. Nor was this the case with George. The more he indulged in the fascinating work of trying to manufacture this, that, or the other, the more he became pressed for money to meet the expenses of the necessary cost of material. To whom could he turn for assistance? Brother Alvin Dodsworth grumbled, but usually helped him out of his difficulty, while laughing over his chimerical views.

For several years, as best he could, George Le Mar had studied electricity. When he reached man's estate he was a fairly good practical electrician, although without any knowledge of electricity as a science. In the spring of his twenty-first year he went south from his pine-forest home for the first time in his life. While in the state metropolis he became

more than ever enamored of his special study; saw how several electrical machines could be improved, and in his infatuation recklessly purchased a large quantity of material with which to set to work as soon as he had returned home. It is true he was a little uneasy about the credit he had secured, and about what his brother Alvin would say. He comforted himself with the thought that as his brother Alvin had paid all the bills before, so he would this time.

While he was absent he had learned from the papers that dangerous forest fires had started in the neighborhood of his birthplace. It so happened that on the very day on which he reached home the fires swept the village where he lived. He arrived to see his father's house in ashes. To add to this misfortune, his father was so badly burned in endeavoring to save the place that he died within two days.

Alvin's savings—by this time about five hundred dollars—were safe in the bank, the only building in the village which had passed through the scourge with safety. But how could George ask him now to pay about eighty dollars for material which, as it proved, he had so foolishly purchased? And, to make matters worse, George La Mar Russell had, with scarcely a thought, told the merchant to send the bill to Alvin. Two days after their father's death the invoice came by post.

There was a scene. It ended by a quarrel between the two brothers. They separated, and scarcely ever met again in after life. A desultory correspondence was kept up between them. This ceased when at the

age of thirty-five George Le Mar invited his brother to attend his wedding. Alvin refused to be present, and wrote some bitter words about paying one's debts before contracting matrimony.

Alvin settled in no place permanently. In spite of his roving disposition, his faculty for making money never left him. At one time his brother heard he was doing well in San Francisco; then again he was in El Paso, Texas. Maryland and Mexico were also the scenes of his labors. Once, several years ago George Le Mar saw his brother in the city of Detroit. Then he learned that Alvin Dodsworth had taken to himself a wife—a fair-haired, beautiful woman, but of small intelligence. George, impecunious as ever, because always engaged in some unproductive scheme, again asked his brother for some monetary assistance. He was curtly refused. They parted with angry words. This was the last time the two brothers met face to face.

When Alvin Dodsworth Russell visited Detroit he was on his way to New York State, where he intended investing some of his money in salt mines. From the newspaper accounts of the time, it appears that Alvin was very unpopular with the inhabitants of the little town where the salt was found. He was doubly unwelcome because a firm of salt manufacturers was negotiating for the property when he appeared on the scene.

Alvin Dodsworth Russell did not fear scowling looks when money was to be made. His money triumphed over all obstacles put in his way. He secured the desired property, and after much difficulty

engaged a sufficient number of hands to work the plant. He paid good wages. The investment paid from the start, yet do what he would he could not secure the good-will of the people of the place. He paid better wages than a larger firm a few miles away; he treated his men well; but all to no purpose.

In this emergency Alvin bethought himself of his brother George. Here was a fine opening for him. His own brother would look after his interests faithfully. If the plan was successful, he would make George manager and finally a partner. Should the craze for further wandering and for seeing new faces again become irresistible, he would give the whole business to George Le Mar. He wrote to his brother to come. George Le Mar might have been dead and buried for all the recognition he gave his brother's invitation.

About a year later, when matters were decidedly more pacific between him and his employees, a terrible event happened to Alvin Dodsworth. It was a hot night in August. His wife, who had been for some time ailing, was dozing on the lounge in the sitting-room, her hand still on the child's cradle close by. The cradle contained their only child, a pretty baby about two years old. It was the baby's winning ways that had been largely instrumental in bringing about a better feeling between master and men. This baby was extremely democratic. She would clutch with equal impartiality at the salty beard of the grimmest workman or the dress of the most slatternly housewife in the village. The baby lay asleep in the cradle beside her mother. The domestics had all retired.

Mr. Russell moved aside the blind of the glass door and looked out into the night. It was pitch-dark, with no moon. The air was hot and stifling.

"Had you not better go to bed, Katherine?" he said to his wife. "You will rest better there."

Just as he said these words he heard a man's stealthy steps on the porch outside. He listened, dreading to alarm his wife. She heard them, too. The room which they were occupying, as well as a corresponding one across the hall, had large glass doors opening out onto the veranda. Some persons were at the doors of the other room. They were experts at housebreaking; for before Alvin could realize what was happening, two masked men, with clubs in their hands, walked into the lighted room where the mill-owner was standing. One of the intruders turned out the gas.

Alvin Dodsworth Russell was no coward. He would not yield to assault and robbery without a struggle. The two men tried to seize and bind and gag him. The shock of the daring attempt at robbery was so great for the sick woman that she fainted. During the scuffle which followed the cradle was overturned. The baby was violently thrown out. One of the three—it is not known which—in the darkness broke one of the large panes of glass in the glass door. This attracted the attention of some men in the street, who came rushing across the lawn to see what was the matter. One of the burglars escaped; the other was secured, and served a term in the State penitentiary.

When the fight was over and the gas relit, the neighbors were horrified to see the cradle upside down.

The baby must be smothered! Gently righting it, they were puzzled to find no little girl. The poor child had been thrown far under the lounge, on which lay her fainting mother. A physician was called and pronounced the little one's injuries quite serious. The wife recovered from her swoon, but the fright and shock had been too much for her. She gradually sank, and died within six weeks of the attempted burglary.

In this crisis of his family affairs Alvin Russell again wrote to his brother to come to his assistance, even offering a full partnership in the salt business. To the second letter there was no reply. Like the other, it had been treated with cold contempt. George Le Mar did not attend the funeral or send a word of condolence.

To add to Alvin Russell's troubles, the baby did not recover from its injury. He called in physician after physician to see what could be done for it. The child lay motionless for hours. The doctors said it was probably some spinal injury which would affect it for life.

"Cure my child!—cure my poor child! Money is no object, only bring about a cure!" cried the frantic father.

The doctors could do nothing. They shrugged their shoulders helplessly. Mr. Russell was boisterous and cringing, arrogant and tearful by turns; yet the physicians could do nothing. They were aware they could merely assist nature, not work miracles. They gave Alvin no hope that his child would ever walk alone. At this time there arose in the unreasonable father an intense hatred toward the profession of

medicine and every member of it. How this dislike manifested itself will appear later.

Not long after these sad occurrences the old restless desire for travel, and for seeing new scenes and faces, again took possession of the owner of the salt works. He never lost the desire for moving about acquired in his roamings in the Northern Michigan woods in his youth and early manhood. So one day he suddenly sold his business to his big competitor in a neighboring town. The sum of three hundred dollars was placed in the village bank to the credit of the kind old woman who nursed and tended his child. That money was to last six months. More would be forthcoming when that was gone. The next day Alvin Dodsworth Russell was gone, no one knew whither. That was the last George Le Mar ever learned of his brother.

When the sum at the bank had been exhausted, the banker would advance no more. The poor woman could ill afford to keep the child, but it had entwined itself around her heartstrings. She would not give it up to the guardians of the poor. After struggling on for several months as best she might, one day she suddenly disappeared from the neighborhood of the salt works, as her master had done a year before.

This was the substance of Mr. Northcliff's first letter, which ended with a statement which startled Mr. Haylon very considerably.

"In my mind," wrote the gentleman, "it is not at all improbable that Nancy the Golden-haired, to whom you have been so kind, is the identical baby, and therefore Harry Stanley Russell's cousin. Do not

many of the circumstances correspond—the golden hair, the old woman, the crippled condition?”

“Shouldn’t wonder in the least,” said Mr. Haylon, as he laid down the letter before him—“shouldn’t wonder in the least. It is lucky I have the old woman safely housed in the convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor.”



## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE WILL.

"In my first letter to you," wrote Northcliff a few days later, "mention was made of Alvin Dodsworth Russell's capacity to extract a profit from every undertaking he engaged in. The failure in the case of the salt works was perhaps owing to his domestic troubles. It is certain from after events that he was very much attached to little Nanette, his daughter. When he left her in charge of the old woman, he went to New York and from thence to Europe. Remaining in the old country longer than he had intended, and neglecting to send any more money to the banker for his child's keep, as soon as he landed he hastened to where his wife had died.

"To his consternation, he learned that both the woman and child had disappeared. He raved and stormed at the village banker. When his indignation had somewhat subsided, he remembered having heard the old woman once speak of Ellicott City, Maryland. Believing she had taken his child there, he at once started for Baltimore and began a personal search throughout the eastern part of Maryland.

"Mr. Russell lived some time in that State. It was there he is reported to have made his will. Al-

though there is no such law firm as Cratcher, Gubbino & Fincher, so far as I can learn, here in Baltimore, yet that firm, wherever it does exist—if it exists at all, and is not merely a fictitious one arranged for the occasion to impose upon the old man—this firm, I say, has drawn up Mr. Alvin Dodsworth Russell's will. You must not ask me how I obtained all this information. I will explain it when I get home. Suffice it to say the will affects a very near friend of yours, and the probating of it will probably involve a large amount of litigation. I believe this firm of Cratcher & Co. belongs to New York. I am sure it has more than a professional interest in the Russell estate. Quite by accident yesterday I met with an individual who said he in some way represented the firm; and he startled me by jumping at the conclusion that I owed the Russell estate some money. I did not think it worth while to try to undeceive him. From this person I learned that this firm has a tool of its own, who is engaged in sowing difficulties in advance, in order to be able to break the provisions of the will when it shall come up in the surrogate court.

"I cannot learn whether the old man is dead, or dying now; nor can I as yet discover his whereabouts. The person I see occasionally evidently knows the provisions of the will. He has intimated that there will appear in due time another claimant than those who are named therein, who will most assuredly contest it. This person's name has been given to me as John Hearnsey. He claims to be a relation of Mr. Russell's deceased wife, and to come from Salton, where Russell owned the salt works. How, coming

from Salton, in New York, he could be a relative of hers, when she was a native of San Luis Potosi, is very strange. Still it might be so.

"There is something uncanny about this Hearnsey. When the elder Russell found his search for his child unsuccessful, he came to Baltimore and lived here in a hotel. For a long time this Hearnsey attended him in the capacity of a body-servant. Sometime last spring or early summer this individual disappeared, saying he was going on a vacation. He left in his place a very capable and attentive young colored man. Hearnsey, it appears, has never been heard of since.

"As unexpectedly as the valet had disappeared, so did Mr. Alvin Russell. The hotel men tell me he had suffered from a slight stroke of paralysis about last New Year's. The colored boy went with him; for he had said that, owing to the stroke, he was afraid to travel alone. In about three weeks he returned to his former haunts here, saying that Mr. Russell, in a fit of peevishness, had discharged him in New York city. Since that time no trace of Mr. Russell's whereabouts has been discovered."

Here the second letter breaks off abruptly, with a promise of another by the next mail, if possible. Northcliff, in a hurried postscript, says that his informant has sent for him, having important news to communicate.

The third letter was written near midnight of the same day as the second. The following are the more interesting parts of it:

"I have seen a copy of Alvin Russell's will. It is

a strange mixture of eccentricity and vindictiveness; yet blood is thicker than water. The money is to remain in the family; but who do you think is to inherit it all? None other than your young friend, Harry Stanley Russell! Here are some of the principal provisions which I copied hurriedly. I do not vouch for the absolute accuracy of expression in every case, but you may rely on the accuracy of every fact stated. The will begins in the usual way, and then follow these clauses—the old gentleman, I think, must have composed them himself:

“Whereas I, being of sound mind and deeming it expedient that I should make my will while I know perfectly what I am doing, therefore make the following bequests:

“I.—Whereas my only brother, George Le Mar Russell, has always been of an inventive turn of mind, caring more for scientific inventions and deductions than for making money and providing comfortably for his family; and whereas he, from time to time, has, in a manner, extorted monies from me with which to further his purposes; and whereas if he were left any considerable sum of money he would probably squander it away on some foolish and visionary scheme; and whereas in my family and business difficulties at the Salton salt works he maintained a cruel and rigid silence when I earnestly requested his help and assistance; and whereas when my poor, and now lost, Nanette required his and his wife's care, he still maintained the aforesaid cruel silence; and whereas the accurate account kept of monies advanced to him since he became of age amounts to three hundred

and ninety-five dollars in all, therefore I give and bequeath to him—that is, to my only brother, George Le Mar Russell—the sum of four hundred dollars (\$400), upon condition that he repay back to my estate, or to the executors thereof, but without interest, the sums I have advanced to him; the balance of the bequest to be his to have and to hold forever.

“II.—Whereas I have never been able to convince myself that the old woman, Mrs. McSweeney, who had charge of my Nanette, has proved unfaithful to her trust; and whereas my own negligence in not supplying her with sufficient funds while I was abroad, was most probably the cause of her going away with the said Nanette from Salton; therefore I give and bequeath to Mrs. Bridget McSweeney the sum of one thousand dollars (\$1,000), to be hers to have and to hold absolutely, without condition save only she shall have been faithful to my daughter Nanette.

“III.—Whereas it is, in my mind, utterly useless to give and bequeath to his father, my brother, George Le Mar Russell, any money whatever beyond what has already been arranged for in this will; therefore I give and bequeath to Henry Stanley Russell, son of George Le Mar Russell, and my nephew, and to my daughter, Nanette Dodsworth Russell, if she be living, the residue of my property of whatsoever nature it may be, which amounts to the sum of about seventy-five thousand dollars, to be theirs to have and to hold forever, except for the following conditions:

“1. If my daughter Nanette be living, her share

of the residue of my property shall be hers absolutely, without any conditions whatever.

“2. If she be dead, the whole shall go to my nephew, Henry Stanley Russell, who becomes my sole heir and legatee.

“3. If any money has ever been advanced to him for educational purposes, the said Henry Stanley Russell shall repay the principal with seven per cent. interest, from the time such promise was made to pay till the day upon which the debt is paid, which day shall be not later than three days after my will has been probated.

“4. That the said nephew, Henry Stanley Russell, shall never have invented anything, or have put anything of his own invention on the market to make profit therefrom.

“5. That the said young man shall not become a physician; and if he be one when this will is probated he shall lose all that has been bequeathed to him, and the money shall then go to my deceased wife's nearest of kin; and if none can be found, the probate judge shall nominate some Catholic college and some Catholic charitable institution which shall have share and share alike.

“6. That the said Henry Stanley Russell shall bear all the expenses of educating his sister Grace and his brother Clarence.

“7. That my nephew, Henry Stanley Russell, shall have never, under any pretext, given his father, or give his father, any money for furthering his purposes of inventing.

“This is my last will and testament, made by me

while in sound mind and enjoying all my faculties, and without undue influence or pressure,' etc., etc.

"There remains now the task of finding out whether this eccentric old gentleman is still living or is dead," continued Mr. Northcliff's letter. "The case is certainly beset with difficulties. I have no doubt but that those interested will contest the will, especially this mysterious Hearnsey. But first we must find out whether Russell senior is living. If so, where? If dead, we must discover whether there has ever been any codicil to the will.

"One thing is certain in my mind. Cratcher & Co. will use every effort to have it set aside. My informant has already told me as much as that. Again, this Hearnsey will make a long and strong fight. He will be one of the chief witnesses regarding the testator's sanity. The danger to us is if Harry has flagrantly broken any of these conditions, none of which, I believe—although I submit to your superior judgment—are of such a nature as to be against good morals or the common good, and are therefore all sound in law.

"I return to-morrow.

"NATHAN J. NORTHCLEFF."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### MRS. MCSWEENEY'S STORY.

LAWYER HAYLON was not very much surprised at the contents of Northcliff's last letter. He had too much experience in the drawing up of wills and contracts to be surprised at anything. His first care now was to prove, if possible, the identity of old Mrs. McSweeney. If it could be shown that she was the woman engaged by Alvin Dodsworth Russell to care for his child, the legal aspect of the case would be very much simplified. Then there would be scarcely any possibility of the dead Nancy being any other than the lost child of Alvin Russell. That an old woman should have relinquished the original child and taken up another was, in the lawyer's mind, the height of improbability.

The crippled girl of the golden curls was called Nancy. The heiress of Mr. Russell's wealth was named Nanette. Both these are terms of endearment for Anne. Nancy's lameness could perhaps be accounted for by an accident to her spine when the cradle was overturned. Nanette's mother was said to have been a fair beauty with wonderful auburn hair. Nancy's locks would make good corroborating evidence of her identity.

Mr. Haylon drove out to the convent of the Little



Sisters of the Poor in the suburbs. The old woman, accompanied by one of the nuns, came to the parlor to see him.

"It's the good lawyer man! Faith, sir, it's me that is glad to see you! I never thought to end me days in such peace and comfort, but it's thanks to yourself that I do be doin' it."

And the old creature wiped a tear of gratitude from the corner of her eye with her white apron. She looked remarkably changed for the better. She was dressed in black. On her head was a neat matronly cap, ornamented with tasty rosettes of lace and velvet, which set off her homely, honest face as in a picture frame.

Lawyer Haylon noted her improved appearance. He smiled and said:

"Hoity-toity, Mrs. McSweeney, you are getting young again! Some young rascal of seventy will be setting his cap for you yet if you don't have a care."

The Sister laughed musically. The novelty of the idea amused her not a little; while Mrs. McSweeney pounded her knees with her open palms in her amusement. Suddenly a look of anxiety came into the old woman's eyes. Were they, perhaps, going to take her away from her haven of rest?

"I called, Mrs. McSweeney, to learn from you, if I can, something about the parents of Nannie."

The old woman's manner stiffened perceptibly. The careworn look returned to her face. The lawyer at once read the state of her feelings.

"Now, I do not want you to tell me anything unless it pleases you," he said; "but it is very important

for the sake of others that I should know who this girl was. Can you tell me?"

"I can that—bad cess to him! It's the cruel, hard-hearted man he was. If I tell you all, you won't be after takin' me out of here?"

"Certainly not, unless you wish to go when you have heard *my* story."

"Och! did you hear that now, Sister dear?—unless I'd be wishin' to go! It's foolish I'd be if I wished to lave you, wouldn't it, Sister?"

"That's right," rejoined Mr. Haylon. "Tell me who was the father of Nancy and how you came to have possession of the child."

"God forgive me, but in me misery all these years I threatened never to brathe his name again as long as I live. But you have been kind to me; and as Nancy's now in heaven—may her bed be aisy!—it can do no harm."

"No harm, but a great deal of good," said Mr. Haylon.

"Well, then, I know he was the owner of the salt works of them parts—leastways he was till he up and sold them one day. And his name was Alvin. I disremember his middle name—it was one of them funny English names. Howsomever, it was Alvin Russell, and that's a fact as God is in heaven above."

"Ah!" said Mr. James Haylon, with a sigh of relief. "Now please tell me how you got hold of the child and why you have kept her all these twelve or fourteen years."

The woman looked frightened. The question did sound a little formidable.

"I'll not keep anything back from you, Mr. Hay-lon. You have been a good friend to us in our distress. But still if you are goin' to take the law against us—well, Nannie is gone and you can't hurt her now. As for me, it matters little what becomes of me."

He hastened to assure her that he had no intention of causing her the slightest trouble. All he wished was to establish beyond a doubt the fact of the girl's parentage. He hinted at a great good accruing to herself if she was full and explicit in her story.

Thus encouraged, she began to relate her history, which was substantially as follows:

She was a widow living at the Salton works, without child or relative of her own. She had been engaged by Mr. Russell at the big house to look after his only girl, who was then only two years old. The little thing had been injured in some way in the spine—she did not know how. It never walked like other children. The widow's heart and her warm, motherly affection went out to the afflicted child. She nursed it and cared for it and loved it as if it were her own.

When Mr. Russell suddenly sold his property and went away from Salton, she was delighted to have the child left in her care. Where he went she had not the remotest idea. When the money which had been left for their support was exhausted, she redoubled her efforts to find the whereabouts of the father; but her efforts met with no success. Poverty began to stare her in the face; for in order to take care of the child she had given up the position of caretaker of some flats. She could not regain her former position. She worked her fingers to the bone in sewing and knit

ting for the poor people of the place to keep the child and herself from starving. The poor, out of their poverty, helped her for a time. Now it was a dish of potatoes, another time a pitcher of milk "for the baby," or a loaf from their small baking. But even the charity of the poor has its limit.

At length, angry and heartsore, she determined to go herself and seek for the heartless father. She travelled from town to town and from city to city in her fruitless quest—always with the burden of a helpless child in her arms—begging at farmhouses and at bakers' shops for the support of her darling. She spent five or six years in the nomadic life, without success.

The child grew more beautiful every day. Mrs. McSweeney, who had known her mother by sight, declared that she resembled her very much, especially in her golden hair and light blue eyes. She would never allow Nancy to cut her hair, hoping that some day it might be a means of identification. From being constantly out in the open air in all changes of temperature, the girl's voice in time became strangely affected. At first a little hoarseness manifested itself. This lingered on and became deeper and deeper, until at last the vocal cords were so permanently injured that the poor child possessed a phenomenally hoarse, croaking voice, in violent contrast to her angelic face.

"At long last," continued the old woman, "findin' myself gettin' too old for further travellin' on foot, and the rheumatiz a creepin' into me bones, I stayed here. Nancy had learned to walk on the crutches.

She began to sell papers. You know the rest of the story, sir; for it must have been our Blessed Lord Himself who brought you to us with all your good deeds."

Mr. Haylon, contrary to his usual custom, actually blushed at this genuine compliment.

"T'sh! there! there! I am very much obliged to you for the story. It clears up many things. Did you ever run across or hear anything of Mr. Russell?"

"Devil a bit—the Lord forgive me for swearin'! I never set eyes on the man. Perhaps it's well for him I didn't," she added with grim humor.

"Do you believe he is dead?"

"God knows. But the likes of him don't die so aisy."

"Now, my good woman, perhaps you are just a little bit too hard on him in your judgment."

"Hard on him—hard on him, is it? Didn't he forsake his child, and his only child at that?"

"But it might have been an accident. I have reason to know that soon after you left Salton he returned there. He was heartbroken at the departure of you and the child. He has been searching for both of you all these years."

"Good Lord of mercy! Why didn't he find us, then?"

"That is the unfortunate part of it. He could never get a trace of you. Your resentment is, perhaps, just, with your present knowledge; but you will think quite differently when I tell you that he has left you in his will the sum of one thousand dollars for all your trouble and your faithfulness."

"One—thou—"

The information was too much for the old woman. The sentence stuck in her throat. She half rose from her chair, then suddenly fell back. Her face was very white. After a few moments she found her speech.

"Ah, Mr. Haylon! you will be havin' your joke with poor folk."

"No joke this time, Mrs. McSweeney, I assure you. I heartily congratulate you. Now perhaps you want to leave this convent?" he said, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"No—never!"

The manner of the response left him no room for doubt.

"That is fortunate, at least for the present," he remarked; "for we are by no means sure that Mr. Russell is dead. It is sometimes quite embarrassing to wait for dead men's shoes."

"Well, perhaps I have misjudged him all along. But the case did look black against him, that's sure. May God forgive us all! You say, sir, you know how the will has been made out. What did he do with the rest of his money? A thousand dollars is but a flea-bite to all *he's* got."

"Nancy was to have half of it if she were living. As it is, it goes to her cousin, Master Harry Russell, who was present at her death."

"Glory be to God for all His goodness! Could anything be more beautiful! May the Lord forgive me for thinkin' hard of the old man!"

## CHAPTER XXV.

### FRIENDS BECOME MYSTERIOUS.

HARRY STANLEY RUSSELL, in whose good fortune so many of his friends were interested, was entirely unconscious that events were transpiring which would influence his future career. He had teased his mother to tell him the object of Lawyer Haylon's visit to the house when he was so unceremoniously ejected from the room. She, like a wise woman, kept her own counsel. Had she been minded to do so, she had little to tell. She was too sensible a woman to build castles of straw, or hopes of clouds. The lawyer had given only a vague hint that something might happen; and it was not her nature to imitate a certain old lady who began to grieve for fear the good time she was having would not last.

Harry, since his reconciliation with Claude Grantley, was the happiest boy at college. He was his old self again. His merry laugh sounded everywhere. His presence, at home and at school, was like a sunbeam.

It was Mr. Haylon's plan to keep the whole question of the legacy a secret from Harry and his family until he had ascertained the truth about Mr. Alvin

Russell's death, and the case had been prepared for the contest which he foresaw was inevitable. However, this plan of secrecy was very nearly frustrated. It happened in this wise:

Since old Mrs. McSweeney had been installed at the home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, Harry Russell had interested his mother and Grace in her welfare. About a week after the pensioner's interview with Mr. Haylon, Harry was sent by his mother with a basket of delicacies for the old woman. Of course she was delighted and grew quite talkative.

"Tell your mother, dear, that Bridget McSweeney is greatly obliged to her for all her kindness, and I hope you will be successful. When I get me thousand dollars I mane to make you a present meself. Ah! an' by the same token, it's lots of Masses I'll have said for me poor Nannie's soul."

Harry laughingly thanked the kind creature, and thought she was amusing herself by playing "fine lady."

"An' when you come to your fortune, I hope you'll enjoy it too."

Harry Russell's thoughts were on his partnership with Dodsworth. Thinking she referred to that, he again thanked her, and remarked:

"When my ship comes home I shall take a trip to Europe."

"But that won't take all your money. It's oceans and oceans. What will you do with it all at all? Something good—I'm sure of that."

"Well, when I make up my pile, Mrs. McSweeney, I am going to take you home to live with mother



and Grace. You shall have a carriage ride every day and be dressed in silk and satin."

"Will you now? It's meself, then, that's wishin' you may soon come into your fortune. How much is it now?"

His fortune *now* was about three hundred and fifty dollars. He told her so.

"Sure, that's not a pinch of salt to the whole of it. You'll get it soon. I'll ask the Sisters to help me to pray that the good Lord may speed the day for you that you may come soon into your own."

Harry thanked her for her good wishes. His mind was still running on the partnership. He remarked to her that it was not a bad start for one not yet out of school.

"Tush, man dear! What'll the likes of you be wantin' with schoolin' when you will have as much money as you can count, an' all that money can buy!"

And so they parted, happily for the lawyer's plans, no wiser than they met.

"Harry," said Claude Grantley that same afternoon, "I have an idea which I would like to put to you."

"Put away! Glad to have an idea. They are always more or less scarce with me."

"It is about something with which, perhaps, you may think, if you do not say, I should not interfere."

"What is it, anyway?"

"This. You know your father is no second-rate electrician," began Claude.

Harry started slightly. His father's propensities had always been somewhat of a sore point with him.

"Perhaps I should not go on," said Claude. "But I speak on the strength of former confidences."

"Go on, Claude! What you say I am sure will be kind."

"Thanks! Well, your father the other night honored me with an invitation to visit his laboratory. Incidentally he was regretting the lack of means to purchase many things necessary for his work. He may yet, you know, strike on something which will make you all wealthy. How much money have you made on your patent?"

"About three fifty, clear."

"What I propose, without offence, is that, at the outlay say of fifty or perhaps seventy-five dollars, you make him happy by a present of all the material he may require."

"Coming from you, the idea seems a good one, Claude. I will think it over."

"Do. It would be a kind thing to do."

By a singular coincidence, Dodsworth broached the same subject that day. When Harry entered the office there was unusual animation in Dodsworth.

"Good luck, Harry boy! An order for five hundred rollers from Chicago. It will swell your bank account, you young Croesus, by nearly a hundred. By the way, I tell you what I would do with that if I were you. I know your father wants several machines to carry on his experiments—you look surprised! I have become acquainted with him over at the electrical works. If I were you I would purchase them for him with this money. It will make him decidedly happy."

The young man made up his mind to follow the

advice of his two friends. He purchased, under the guidance of a fellow-working electrician of his father, numerous instruments, electrical tools, and a quantity of material—copper wire, zinc plates, and so forth. He secured a promise of their delivery at home before six o'clock.

Like the generous, whole-souled boy he was, he did not wish to enjoy the glow and pleasure of a good deed alone.

"Momsey dear," as he came, a laughing hurricane, into the house, giving his mother a sounding smack and a hug, and sadly disarranging her white muslin mob-cap, "what do you think I have just done?"

He told his mother of his purchases.

"Now, momsey, I am not going to give them to him myself. Of course he will know that it comes from the roller-shade business. But I am going to give them all to you. Then you can do what you like with them. Won't he be surprised! See, momsey—see?" And once more he kissed his gentle mother on the forehead.

"God bless my thoughtful boy!"

The next day Harry called at the office of his friend Haylon.

"Hello, newspaper fighter!"

"Hello, sir!"

"How's business?"

"Oh, booming, sir. An order for five hundred from Chicago yesterday."

"Humph! I don't bel—" Mr. Haylon checked himself. "You must be getting rich, Harry."

"Doing fairly well, sir. Dodsworth says it's a

hundred more to my credit at the bank. But it won't be, for I spent it all last night."

"Extravagant youngster! On what?"

"On electrical appliances and supplies for my father."

"You did?"

"Yes, sir."

"The very worst thing you could have done."

Harry flushed hotly.

"I do not see it, sir. He is my—"

"I do not mean that, my dear boy. It's all right, so far as your father is concerned; but for other reasons—reasons which—oh, bother!—I cannot explain at present."

The lawyer stopped short, fearing that he had said too much. He was thinking of the provisions of the will. The boy looked uneasy, fearful that he had offended his friend.

But it would have taken more than a boy's defence of his own father to offend such a man as Haylon. He was one of those who, if they once "take up" a person, that one is a friend for life unless guilty of some dishonorable or dishonest action. In that case the lawyer would drop him incontinently, and no amount of persuasion of friends would induce him to have anything more to do with the offender.

"Harry!" said Mr. Haylon, "I am going to ask you to do something important."

"Yes, sir. What is it?"

"I want you to give up at once your partnership with John Dodsworth."

"*Mr. Haylon!*"

"Sounds a strange request, eh?"

"Indeed it is. What reason can you have for wishing such a thing?"

"Reasons ample and good enough, but which I cannot give you yet. I am your friend and adviser. Is your trust in my friendship strong enough to induce you to comply with my request?"

"This is so sudden, and—excuse me!—I know you will admit, so strange a request that I must take time to think it over, sir."

"Very well. For the present we will compromise. Do this. Draw out of the bank, with Dodworth's knowledge, your share of the profits of the business."

"First National shaky, sir?" said Harry in a quizzical way.

"No, of course not."

"Then what is the use? My private account is separate from the business account, Mr. Haylon."

"Sure of that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you can let the money stay where it is, but do not consent to put any more money in or draw any money from the bank on the strength of the business or firm account."

Harry Russell was certainly very much puzzled. He always had full confidence in his elderly friend. The propositions made to him were startling, yet he felt sure the lawyer must have good reasons for making them, notwithstanding they appeared so detrimental to his interests. It was several days before he could arrive at a decision how to act.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### A SURPRISE.

"Who is there? What do you want?"

"A sick call, Father. Come quick! A man is dying at the hotel on the next corner!"

"Who are you?"

"A bell-boy, Father."

"I'll be there in a minute."

Father Donovan, the busy pastor of a down-town parish, closed the window and began to dress hurriedly. It was about three o'clock in the morning. The parish the priest attended was territorially small, but contained a congested population which presented the two extremes. The utmost squalor and misery were found down near the railroad tracks and the slimy river. The acme of luxuriousness was represented by several grand modern hotels.

"This way, Father, please!" said the bell-boy, as he reverently touched his hat. He knew what the priest was carrying. They entered the elevator and were borne swiftly upward. Uttering ejaculatory prayers as he went along the carpeted corridor, the priest was at length shown into a room in the quietest part of the immense building.

Upon entering, the priest deposited the pyx on a

temporary altar prepared for that purpose by the nurse. He found three persons in the room. On the bed lay a man of about sixty-five or seventy, although he looked even older; beside him stood a trained nurse in her sober gray dress, white apron with its regimental-looking straps over her shoulders, and a white mob-cap. She was smoothing the pillow when the priest entered. Close by sat a really handsome copper-colored mulatto boy of about eighteen. He was crying bitterly but softly.

"Is he conscious?"

"Yes, Father—quite conscious. See, he is saying his beads now."

"You and the boy leave the room for a while. I will signal when you may re-enter. Soothe the poor lad," said the priest, with a kindly look toward the boy. A light came into the eyes of the sick man as he saw a priest at his bedside. The confession was soon made, and the attendants re-entered. Extreme unction was given and also the Sacred Viaticum.

When the now happy man had made a short thanksgiving, just as the priest was preparing to depart, he said:

"Father, will you wait a few minutes longer? I have something important to say."

The priest made a motion for the nurse and the body-servant to retire again. The sick man saw it.

"It is not necessary," he said. "What I am now about to say is by no means sacramental confession, although, thank God, it is the effect of that. I have made my will, Father; you will find it in the pocket of that valise. Will you please take charge of it and

have it probated? It is a last request I make. Please do this out of charity. All your expenses will be allowed by the court from my estate."

The priest hesitated. He did not, in following his sacred calling, care to become involved in such secular affairs. To the suggestion that he send for a legal man, the patient answered:

"There is no time, Father. It is very late. I shall not last till morning."

Father Donovan nodded his assent, promising to put the case into the hands of a responsible lawyer.

"I do not wish to change any provisions of my will," said the dying man; "but in it there are many harsh expressions. All of these I wish to recall. Let the lawyer make every effort to find my lost Nanette. For more than ten years I have been searching for her. When I am gone, tell the lawyer to give Sam there two hundred dollars and see him safely back in his home in Virginia, if he wishes to go. He is a good boy. Let the nurse be well paid."

The priest promised that all these wishes should be complied with.

"Ask the lawyer," said Alvin Dodsworth Russell—for it was he—"to make every effort to find my brother George Le Mar. I think he lives in this State somewhere. Let the will be probated as soon as the heirs are discovered. I am alone in the world, so I must thrust this burden upon you, Father."

The priest promised again, and the sinking man breathed a sigh of satisfaction. Father Donovan opened the valise and rapidly read the provisions of the will. He did not know any of the persons named.



"You wish all these conditions with regard to your nephew to stand as they are?" he asked.

"Yes: I wish nothing to be changed except the unkind expressions about my brother; for if we do not forgive how can we expect to be forgiven?"

With kindly words and his blessing, the priest then left. For a long time the exhausted patient lay in a comatose condition, giving signs of consciousness by now and then whispering a short prayer.

Just as the first streaks of the May dawn came creeping through the blinds Mr. Russell called for paper and ink. He rallied his remaining strength and wrote ten or fifteen lines. He then sent Sam to bring the night clerk of the hotel, whom he compelled, with the nurse and the boy, to sign as witnesses the paper he had written.

"Put this in the valise, Sam," he said faintly, when the signing was done. The pen dropped from his hand. In a few minutes all was over. Alvin Dodsworth Russell had ceased to be.

Father Donovan came again after his Mass. He took charge of the valise. He made the boy come home with him for a few days. The sharp-witted Father had a notion that this body-servant of the deceased would be a valuable witness in the surrogate court, and so he proved to be. The nurse was told that the court would soon be asked to award her her fees for professional service. She accordingly left her address with the priest, telling him not to urge or press any claims for her.

There is an old saying to the effect that Providence shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may. By a

happy coincidence, Father Donovan was well acquainted with Mr. James Haylon. Into his hands he delivered the valise that morning.

Was there ever a more surprised man! Months, perhaps years, of expensive searching was thus avoided. Could anything be more fortunate for young Harry Russell! Had not the lawyer ample proofs, too, that the testator's Nanette was no other than the lame newsgirl Nancy, and that Mrs. McSweeney was the one with whom she had been left in charge. Harry Stanley Russell was, therefore, with the exception of a few minor bequests, the sole legatee.

"Lucky young fellow!" soliloquized Lawyer Haylon. "I wonder how he will turn out? I believe he has a level head and a good heart. The Rockland College people have imbued him with the highest principles. Rather than see him grow up a worthless, aimless, dandified society butterfly, I would sooner—yes, destroy this will, here and now."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### IN COURT.

It is quite impossible for the truthful writer to conjure up for the reader a picture of a dark, dingy court-room, with grimy windows, gas burning all day, stuffy, dank-smelling furniture; and the droning, perfunctory officials of the old-style, Old-World court-room. It is impossible, if truth rather than a gruesome, fanciful picture be aimed at, because such old-time institutions no longer exist in our American cities. Thanks to a regard for light, comfort, and sanitation, our architects everywhere have planned open, airy court-rooms, where witnesses as well as jurymen, lawyers and judges as well as the interested public, can attend with some degree of comfort.

About three weeks after the events related in the preceding chapter an interesting group sat inside the bar of the surrogate court-room. It consisted of the Russell family—George Le Mar, his wife, Harry, Grace, and Clarence—all in deep mourning. Near them sat disconsolately the faithful mulatto boy Sam, valet of the lately deceased; Mrs. Bridget McSweeney, Claude Grantley, and Dick of the Brass Buttons. Why the latter was there was not exactly apparent; but he begged Mr. Haylon so earnestly to

let him be present in memory of his dead friend, the Chamber of Commerce fruit-stand girl, that the lawyer was unable to refuse.

At one of the attorney's tables were Mr. Haylon and his assistant, Mr. Northcliff. They seemed very busy over the case, constantly talking to each other in subdued tones. Near them, underneath the table, was the testator's valise, containing important papers.

On the opposite side of the enclosure—or within the bar—at another table, was Jason Cratcher, the man who, the reader will remember, had given the agent Dodsworth a letter of instruction. With him, in consultation, was the lawyer whom Nancy in such excitement had pointed out from the Chamber of Commerce entrance as being the one whom she had inadvertently overheard. Cratcher was a stout man, with a blotchy, purplish face, overhanging eyelids, and eyes which never looked you straight in the face. His hands shook visibly.

When the court was called to order, Cratcher arose and stated his case, saying that he entered a demurrer on behalf of next of kin, and promising to produce evidence that the provisions of the will had been openly and notoriously violated by the chief beneficiary. "The will shall also be contested, your Honor," added Cratcher, "on the plea of unsoundness of mind on the part of the testator."

Haylon and Northcliff were undoubtedly anxious. They had known the provisions of the will some weeks. They saw that a clever opposing lawyer could make out a really strong case against them on the provisions of the will. What a pity the old gentleman did not

leave the boy his money minus those vexing conditions!

"The first argument I shall produce, your Honor," continued Cratcher, "is that section four of the condition of inheritance has been radically and persistently violated by the principal legatee. With permission of the court, I will read this section. It is as follows:

"That the said nephew, Henry Stanley Russell, shall never have invented anything, or have put anything of his own invention on the market to make profit therefrom.'

"The second ground on which I base the claim of the next of kin is that clause number five is against common law because against the common good of the community. The section alluded to provides that Henry Russell shall never become a physician; and of course the spirit of the clause is that he shall never become one, whether he practise or not. This, we claim, is not only against the citizen's personal freedom and against the common good, but it is so eccentric and absurd as to prove the testator could not have been of sound mind when he made the will.

"The third plea, your Honor, on which we claim to have the will set aside is that provision number seven has been openly violated. The provision, your Honor, is as follows:

"That my nephew, Henry Stanley Russell, shall never, under any pretext, have given his father, or give his father, any money for furthering his purposes of inventing.'

"This condition has been openly violated. We will

examine into this clause first. With the permission of the court, I will call the first witness."

He handed a slip of paper to the clerk of the court.

"John Hearnsey!" the clerk called aloud.

Mr. Haylon, Mr. Northcliff, and the Russells—all turned to see who the formidable Hearnsey was. Imagine the utter surprise of Harry and the undisguised chagrin of the lawyer when they discovered that the witness who promptly stepped into the witness-box was no other than John Dodsworth, Harry's partner in the patent roller!

Harry Russell started to his feet. His mother pulled him back in time to prevent a scene. The boy could not sit still. Finally he wriggled himself free from his mother and went over to the lawyer's table.

"Did you ever!" was all he was able to say to his friend.

"Looks bad, Harry. But did you withdraw your money from the bank?"

"Yes: yesterday."

"All right. So far, so good. Look out, boy! That rascal will leave you a lot of firm's debts to pay, or I am very much mistaken. Hush! now they are beginning."

Dodsworth's—rather, Hearnsey's—face wore a sneer of cynical triumph. He and Cratcher had evidently prepared their questions and answers beforehand.

"Are you a claimant in this case?"

"I am."

"Can you show that Henry Russell has broken provision number four of his uncle's will?"

"Certainly."

"Please explain to the court."

Hearnsley gave the history of the partnership as the reader has already heard it.

"So you inform the court that this young man has made considerable money on an invention of his own?"

"Yes."

"How much do you suppose?"

"Well, we have banked seven hundred dollars profits: he takes half."

"Can you prove to the court that the defendant has invented anything?"

"Certainly I can. He invented an improvement on the blind roller which we were selling. He and I patented the improvement."

"Did the improved patent increase your sales?"

"Considerably."

"How many of these articles have you sold?"

It appeared an innocent question, but Hearnsley gave signs of distress, which Cratcher did not see. He was looking at his list of questions.

"Tell the court how many of these articles you have sold."

Why Hearnsley—alias Dodsworth—should blush and squirm and cough at so simple a question the audience did not well understand. But this is to the credit of Hearnsley: he did not wish to commit perjury. If he gave any reasonably proportionate number, such as would warrant the stated profits, he would commit that crime. He could not say less without committing himself. He was, therefore, in a dilemma.

Haylon grasped the situation at once. He could not interrupt the giving of evidence, but he used an artifice. He said, *sotto voce*, as if talking to Harry, who was sitting near him, but loud enough to be heard all over the court-room:

"Sales, perhaps a few dozen; profits, seven hundred. Your three fifty was a present, Harry. Anybody can see he is merely a tool of others to entrap you. The thing is clear on the face of it. It's a conspiracy."

"Your Honor," instantly appealed Cratcher, who had heard every word, "I notify the court that I protest against such intimidation of my witness. I call your Honor's attention to the fact that the opposing counsel is browbeating my witness to the prejudice of our case."

A mild reproof not to interrupt the proceedings came from the judge, who knew the honorable character of Haylon. The latter was satisfied. He had called the attention of the judge to the fact of the existence of a conspiracy to involve the beneficiary of the will. Thereafter the getting of willing testimony from the witness was not so easy. The judge had sometimes to order him to answer; yet when Hearnsey's testimony was all in, the impression left on the mind of the judge was decidedly unfavorable to Mr. Haylon's client.

"Tell the court, Mr. Hearnsey," said Cratcher, "if you please, whether, in your opinion, the defendant has broken any other provision of the will."

"Condition number seven has been violated."

"What is condition number seven?"

"That my nephew, Henry Stanley Russell, shall



never, under any pretext, have given his father, or give his father, any money for furthering his purposes of inventing."

"He knows his lesson well," again came Haylon's clear tones, *sotto voce*.

"Your Honor—" once more spluttered the examining counsel.

"That's all right, Mr. Cratcher. Please proceed," said the judge.

"Do you know whether Henry Russell has contravened this clause of the will?"

"I believe he has," was Hearnsey's answer. "Less than a month ago he purchased nearly a hundred dollars' worth of electrical supplies, which he gave to his father."

"Indeed! Are you sure of that?" from Cratcher.

"Quite sure of it. I assisted him in the purchase."

"One more conspiracy!" came the irresistible *sotto voce*.

The clerk rapped on his desk with his gavel. Haylon smiled.

"Were they given to his father?"

"Of course, Mr. Cratcher. What were they purchased for?" said the witness.

"He's fooled there, judge!" exclaimed Harry Russell aloud. In his excitement he had forgotten all about legal procedure. He wanted facts, and facts only. "He's fooled there, judge. I never gave them to father. I made a present of the whole to mother. And, besides, these things are not money. That is the only thing forbidden in the will."

The audience, whose sympathy was entirely with

the boy, laughed aloud. They attempted a cheer, but that was promptly suppressed by the clerk of the court.

"Good for you, Harry!" exclaimed Lawyer Haylon heartily. "The point is extremely well taken."

Cratcher dropped this section of the will at once. The question of Harry's becoming a physician was, of course, not discussed.

Cratcher rested his case for the present, but promised to return to the insanity plea later.

It was beautiful to see how the clever lawyer for the defence did riddle this witness' testimony, and how he made him contradict himself again and again. It was almost pitiful to see how the rascal squirmed. The lawyer made him fully admit the conspiracy to inveigle Harry; made him confess that he did it with malicious knowledge aforehand; made him admit that Cratcher had supplied the money for the purpose; made him admit that he was to receive a large bonus if the will was broken; finally, made him admit that he himself—Hearnsley, alias Dodsworth, alias half a dozen other names—was the next kin claimant, professing to be the nearest surviving relative of the wife of Alvin Dodsworth Russell.

The play of wit and repartee between Mr. Haylon and Jason Cratcher, who undoubtedly was a sharp rogue, was sparkling. Mr. Haylon bent all the powers of his splendid intellect to down the opposing counsel. At times it appeared the will would be sustained. Once, when Harry's lawyer was pushing Cratcher very hard, that gentleman appealed to the court for protection.

"I appeal to the court, your Honor, against such unjust proceedings. As a gentleman, I demand—"

"Oh! oh!" laughed Haylon. "Ha! ha! *Quod est demonstrandum.*"

Cratcher spluttered. He understood. The judge enjoyed the allusion and smiled almost audibly. Harry understood, too, and broke out into a loud guffaw.

"Young man, if you do not keep better order I shall commit you for contempt of court."

Harry was not very much frightened. He saw signs of amusement lingering at the corners of the judge's mouth.

Of course, we do not pretend to give anything like a full report of all that took place at the trial, or even mention all the witnesses. Toward the end the judge began to look very serious. Haylon was getting nervous. He was afraid it was going against him.

It was late in the afternoon when both sides rested their case. The judge was a kind man with a heart full of sympathy. During the proceedings he had closely watched the extreme nervousness of Harry's mother. He thought she would be better able to hear the verdict, whichever way it went, after a night's rest.

"One reason," said the judge, "why the will should not stand seems to have been punctured by the keen young claimant himself. It is evident he gave his father no money, and it is also admitted that his mother was the recipient of the electrical supplies. Therefore on a technicality I throw out that clause. The question of the boy's having invented anything, or of having made money by an invention of his

own, while the provision is peculiar and may be considered eccentric, yet in my mind holds in fact and in law. A testator can place whatever conditions he chooses in disposing of his own property, providing the conditions are not against sound morals or the common good. So far as I see at present, this clause is not against one or the other; but I will take the matter under consideration until to-morrow. Both parties having rested their case, have not questioned the soundness of mind of the testator; so I take it for granted, although the appellant notified us at the opening of the case that he would advance this plea—I take it for granted that they are satisfied as to the testator's mental condition when he made his will. However, I wish to be a little more certain myself on this point. The counsel for the defense will please have the Reverend Father who attended the deceased in his last moments in court at ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

The court then rose.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### HOW THE CASE WENT.

THE next morning the same group were in the court-room. To their number were added Father Donovan and the trained nurse.

Mr. Haylon rose and made a respectful bow to the priest as soon as the clerk opened the court.

"Will your Reverence please take the witness stand?"

There was a hush of expectancy to hear what the priest had to say.

"Will your Honor now question his Reverence?" asked Mr. Haylon.

"No. You will please examine him, Mr. Haylon. I want to satisfy myself of the deceased's soundness of mind when he reaffirmed his will and withdrew the uncharitable expressions therein."

"What, in your opinion, was the state of Mr. Russell's mental faculties when you were called, Father?"

"I think his mind was perfectly clear and sound."

"On what do you base your opinion?"

"On what he said and did. He talked quite rationally. He made his confession to me with distinctness and clearness. His conversation and instructions, after

he had received the last sacraments, to his nurse, to me, and to his servant, were eminently rational."

"Will your Reverence please tell the court any particulars of the conversation not privileged?"

"Mr. Russell told me to give from his property the sum of two hundred dollars to Sam, his body-servant, and see that he is returned to his home in Virginia. He also spoke of the nurse's fees."

"Anything else?"

"I glanced over the will, and then asked him whether he wished to change any of the provisions. He answered emphatically that there was to be no change excepting the elimination of certain harsh expressions respecting his brother."

"Then you think he was mentally quite sound?"

"I have no doubt whatever on the point."

"That is all, your Honor," concluded Haylon, addressing the judge.

The latter nodded. He was satisfied.

"One minute!" said Cratcher, rising. "The two witnesses left the room while you were there. What was done while they were absent?"

"The deceased made his confession."

"But what passed between you and him?" persisted Cratcher.

"I have told you. The man made his confession."

"Yes, I heard you. But what did he say?"

Father Donovan looked surprised for a moment; then, as if no question had been put to him, he let his eyes wander to the court-room window, looked at his watch, and then turned his glance to the judge. After waiting a moment Cratcher said:

"Why don't you answer my question, Mr. Donovan?"

Father Donovan merely stared at the questioner.

"Speak, answer, witness! Do you not know you are on oath to tell the whole truth?"

Haylon jumped to his feet, with an angry spot burning on each cheek.

"Your Honor, this is intolerable! It cannot be that the counsel for the other side is so ignorant as not to know there are such things as privileged communications, and a man's confession is the most sacred of all, recognized in every court of the world."

"Sit down, Mr. Cratcher!" said the judge severely. "If you intend, sir, to practise in the courts of this city, you must first learn the etiquette of the courtroom. That will do, Father; and thank you!"

After the nurse and the sorrowing Sam had added their testimony to that of the priest, the case was closed.

It was an anxious moment for Harry and Grace and their mother. The father did not appear to be so much affected—not so much even as the boy's legal advisers, who, with greater knowledge of the law, recognized the precarious condition of their case.

The judge now began his decision, quoting authorities to sustain his arguments. As he proceeded it was noticed that Cratcher and his assistant grew more and more jubilant, while Haylon and Northcliff became despondent.

"I am satisfied fully," said the judge near the end of his speech, "as to the sanity of the testator at the time of his death. The case depends on the violation

of one clause of the will. It is my opinion that, in point of fact and of law, the objection to clause four is sustained. Of course, the defendant can appeal to the higher city courts, and finally to the supreme court of the State, if he feel so disposed; but the ruling of this court is for the—"

There was a great commotion in one corner of the court-room inside the bar. Sam and the nurse were talking vigorously, and in their excitement soon forgot to speak in a low tone.

"Now, 'fore de Lawd, honey, I can't see why dese law fellers don't use dat other doc'ment what Marse Russell wrote in bed. Yous remember dat paper, eh?"

"Why, yes! I remember now. You and I and the hotel clerk signed a paper."

"Yes; de boss dat wears de diamonds come up, too, an' we all three put our names down—dat's sure, honey!"

Sam was the nurse's devoted slave. She had promised to secure to him a position in one of the city hospitals.

"I suppose the lawyers know their business. Let them alone, Sam."

"But I jes' ain't goin' let dem alone, honey—not if young Marse Russell's goin' to get euchred out of my boss' money, you bet!"

Sam moved over to where Mr. Haylon and his assistant were sitting.

"Where's de other paper, boss?" he asked quietly.

"What other paper, boy? What do you mean?"

"Why, de one what me an' de nurse an' de feller



dat wears de big diamonds signed when Marse Russell died. It's my 'pinion dat de paper is a 'mendment to dis 'ere constitution."

Sam pointed to the will which was lying on the table.

"Get out, you black rascal! This is no time for joking."

"An' indeed I ain't jokin', Marse Haylon. We three signed a paper, sure's you's livin'."

"Where is it, then?"

"Sure's I's a good Nigger I put it into that v'lise."

"Did you see any other paper, Northcliff, in the valise when you prepared the case?"

"No, except the securities."

"Did you look in de pocket, boss?" asked Sam.

"Yes, of course. The will was found in the pocket of the flap."

"But I mean de inside pocket?"

"Inside pocket! I do not know what you mean. I saw only one pocket."

Sam made a dive under the table for the valise. Putting it on the table, he opened it and felt in the pocket where the will had been.

"You see!" said Northcliff—"there is nothing else there."

"Jes' guess dere is, dough. You don't fool dis Nigger chile. See! dere's 'nother pocket inside de flap of de big pocket."

The boy turned the catch, and, with a broad grin good to see, pulled out a single sheet of foolscap, folded in four.

Haylon and Northcliff almost bumped heads in

their eagerness to learn its contents. As they grasped the meaning, they shook hands.

"Your Honor," said Haylon, rising to his feet, "I ask a few moments' stay of proceedings. Some most unexpected evidence has turned up."

This interruption occurred just as the judge was saying, "But the ruling of this court is for the—"

He stopped short. He was somewhat testy. He did not like to be interrupted in the rendering of his decision. What judge does?

"Sir—this is a—what do you—this is a most extraordinary proceeding. The testimony is all in. Both sides have rested their case. What more do you want, Mr. Haylon?"

"I hope your Honor will pardon me for the interruption; but, as I said before, evidence of the utmost importance to my client has been discovered. If your Honor will be pleased to admit it now, I am sure that the delay and expense of appealing to the supreme court will be avoided."

"Well, sir, and pray what is your very important evidence? It is a strange way to prepare a case by bringing in the most important testimony after the case is finished."

"I have but this moment learned of its existence, your Honor. It materially alters the case. It is a codicil to Alvin Dodsworth Russell's will."

Cratcher's face, at the mention of a codicil, turned all colors, and finally settled down into a sickly purplish blue.

"Very good. I reopen the case by your special request; but I do hope, sir, that the contents of the

codicil are such as warrant you in seeking such an extraordinary proceeding."

"They are, your Honor, as I shall soon convince you. I ask permission of the court to read the following codicil, which is written by the testator's own hand and signed by three witnesses."

With a great deal of gusto, the lawyer then read the following:

"Being of sound mind, and knowing perfectly what I am doing, although weak in body and near my end, having made my confession to a priest, and being conscious that I must soon meet my eternal Judge to be judged by Him concerning the deeds done in the body; being what men may call eccentric, yet always acting upon principles which I conceive to be the proper guides to my actions, I have with my own hand drawn out the following codicil, which, although perhaps not written in legal phraseology, nevertheless is to be considered my last will and testament; the fulfilling exactly of the conditions of which I put upon the conscience of those who shall have the proving of my will and settling of my estate. I put it on the conscience of my nephew, Henry Stanley Russell, and my daughter Nanette, if she be living, to pay my faithful body-servant, Sam Code, the sum of two hundred dollars; and, if he shall wish it, to return him free of expense to his home in Virginia. It is my will that my said nephew continue the search which I have made for my lost daughter Nanette; and, when found, share equally with her my money. If it shall be proven that my child is dead, the whole of the money shall go to Henry Stanley Russell.

"In order to show that it was mere eccentricity, and not unsoundness of mind, which caused me to make several peculiar conditions under which the said Henry Stanley Russell shall inherit, I now, of my own free will and volition, without persuasion or moral force from any one, and unknown to every one, recall and retract all these conditions and provisions as they appear in my will; leaving, after certain small legacies and my funeral expenses have been paid, the residue absolutely and without condition to my daughter Nanette and Henry Stanley Russell, to share and share alike; and, furthermore, in the event of the legally attested death of my dear daughter, Nanette Dodsworth Russell, I leave the whole, absolutely and without condition of any kind, to my said nephew, Henry Stanley Russell, whom I beg of his charity to have a hundred Masses said for the repose of my soul."

One can hardly blame the triumphant look Haylon turned toward Cratcher, Hearnsey & Co But it was useless—they had vanished from the court-room.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### STRAY STRANDS.

It is breakfast time, a week after the will had been probated.

"Momsey, I think I should like to have old Mrs. McSweeney to come and live with us."

"Is she not happy at the Little Sisters, Harry? And has she not been paid her thousand dollars?"

"Yes, and she is as proud as a queen of the legacy."

"Very well, my son. I think we had better let well enough alone. Her habits and mode of life and everything are such that I hardly think Grace and I should care to have her for a constant companion. Yes, I know she is a good woman, and all that; but you must remember, son, there are other requisites besides goodness for close companionship to be tolerable. You had better give the Little Sisters a donation instead, so that Mrs. McSweeney may be no expense to them."

"All right, momsey. You are always right. But I want my way with regard to Grace—namely, that next September she go to Paris to some convent school. Grace and I have talked it all over; and it's all settled—isn't it, Grace?"

"I should be afraid to let her go so far away all alone."

"The idea!" exclaimed Miss Grace. "Alone! when I would be living with the Madames or the Visitandines! And, then, Ethel is going too. *Do* say 'Yes,' ma, *please!*"

But "momsey" would not say "Yes" at present. She had to consult her husband first.

It is nine o'clock on the same day.

"Where's Claude, Ethel?"

"I do not know, Harry, I am sure. I think he is out on the back lawn, swinging in the hammock. I will go and see."

"No—let me go!"

Harry went out into the garden. He crept up behind Claude, clapping his hands over the eyes of the occupant of the hammock.

"Guess!" said Ethel, who had followed Harry.

"Why, it's you, Isabel Marie Ethel Grantley, of course! Don't be stupid!"

"Guess again!"

"I won't guess again. Let me free!"

But, somehow, the hands over his eyes were too muscular to be a girl's.

"Harry!" he guessed.

"Some one's been telling you," laughed Harry. "Where is that Ethel? I'll—"

But Ethel had run away, and was now safely entrenched behind the wire screen door of the kitchen.

"What are you going to do next year, Harry?" asked Claude.

"I do not quite know yet. I am not quite satisfied with my degree of B. A. You remember how narrowly both of us escaped ignominious failure at the semi-annual? I think, if mamma and papa permit, I shall take a post-graduate course at Rockland. I feel that I have ever so much more to learn."

"Great minds run in the same groove, Harry!" replied Claude. "That's just my idea, too. Father says I may if I wish. What about Grace?"

"She wants to go with Ethel to the Paris convent. Is Ethel surely going?"

"Mother is taking it under consideration now. Of course you know what that means. Ethel has already wheedled permission from Papa."

"Well, Claude, I have an idea that it would be capital fun if you and I took the girls to Paris and saw them safely settled in the convent."

Claude jumped into the air and clicked his heels.

"The very thing! Mother, only last night, was bemoaning the fact that Ethel would have no escort for the long journey."

"Well, you and I can make very good escorts."

"To whom?" asked Claude.

"To the two girls, of course."

"What I want to know is whether I escort my own sister or yours?"

"Oh, the girls will decide that!"

.....  
Eleven o'clock on the same day.

"Congratulations over the successful termination of your suit, Harry!" said the president of Rockland College on meeting his young friend.

"Thank you, Father! It was a close shave, wasn't it? If it had not been for that negro boy I should have been done out of the money."

"I read the accounts in the papers. Yes, it was very lucky. I hope you will take good care of the wealth intrusted to you. Remember, your responsibilities are now all the greater."

"That is what I came to see you about, Father. I want to take the post-graduate course next year. I am not quite satisfied with myself yet."

"Thinking of that semi-annual, eh? Very well. But if you do this, I tell you candidly you will have to work much harder than you did last year."

"I mean to do so, Father. And now about Clarence. He is to go through the college, of course. I want to do something in gratitude for my good fortune. I want to found a Rockland College scholarship for poor boys."

The president looked rather grave. He saw that at present Harry Russell had but a very indistinct notion of the value of money.

"I am glad to see such a disposition, my boy; but there is the question of prudence to be considered. Your parents may strenuously object to such a step."

"I do not think they will, Father."

"They may. You had better go slowly. Perhaps it is better to found a temporary scholarship for the present—that is, a yearly one—and hold the other question in abeyance for a time."

Harry saw this was the wiser plan. So the matter rested for the present.

. . . . .



Half-past one on the same day.

"Hello, Croesus!"

"Good afternoon, Mr. Haylon!"

"Harry, I am glad you came down. I have been wanting to see you. Your friend and partner, John Dodsworth—alias John Hearnsey, alias first-class scamp—has left for unknown pastures, and there have been several bills sent to me as your lawyer."

"The money we are supposed to have made will probably pay them. I am glad I took your advice and drew out my share of the profits. By the way, Mr. Haylon, do you think I have any right to that money?"

"Yes, you have. Do not be uneasy about that. You robbed nobody of it. If your business did not make it, it was a present to you."

These so-called profits covered about half the unpaid bills. Harry was lucky to get off so lightly.

"Harry, I have a little scheme."

"Yes, sir?"

"Suppose you, in memory of poor little Nanette, take up the only other friend she ever had—"

"Yourself, sir?"

"No: Dick of the Brass Buttons. Wouldn't it be a pretty idea, in memory of her, to send the boy to school, and afterward put him in the way of some small business of his own?"

Harry was delighted. He wanted to do it at once.

"Steady now, Impetuosity!"

"And, then, I want to speak to you, sir, about yourself."

"An interesting subject."

Harry, for once, was awkward. From previous experience, he knew Lawyer Haylon could not stand thanks. Any display of emotion sent the eccentric man of the law off on a tangent.

"Mother and father feel that we can never repay you for your kindness and disinterestedness, and—and—"

The lawyer's face began to twitch ominously.

"Out with it, Harry! What is the burden of your song?"

"This, sir. I want to pay the legal expenses of the suit."

"All right! How much?"

Harry drew out his own check-book. It was the first one he had ever owned. He was proud of it. He took a pen and wrote out a check for Mr. Haylon for five thousand dollars, and handed it to him. The lawyer glanced at it. He actually jumped.

"Great Scott, boy! Do you think I am a robber? Do you think I am a Cratcher or a John Dodsworth? Why, I—I—I—" and the warm-hearted man spluttered in fine style. "Tell you what I will do. I am very fond of you, Harry. I like your open, manly, generous nature. I tell you what I'll do. I'll fight you."

It was Harry's turn to be surprised. For a moment he thought the learned advocate was going crazy. Nothing of the kind. After every big case won, Mr. Haylon had, he said, to "cut up some." It took this turn this time.

"You have been posing as an athlete lately. Here's your chance."

"If I win?" asked Harry.

"Then I must take your money."

"And if you are the victor?"

"I may do as I please."

"Agreed!" said Harry, measuring with his eye the man before him.

"Come on, let us go over to Bob's gymnasium. He has some fine gloves," said Haylon.

They went. Shall I tell the sequel? Harry was too much for his antagonist. Lawyer Haylon had at last to cry "Enough!" It was months before Harry could get him to keep to his bargain; and then he would accept only Northcliff's expenses and a modest fee for the case.

It is half after five o'clock on the same eventful day.

Harry Stanley Russell, with a very puffed eye—a present from Lawyer Haylon—was standing with Claude Grantley in the workshop of a stone-mason near the city cemetery. The two boys were looking at a neat gray granite monument of moderate proportions. The carving and polishing were finished. The lettering on one side was being put on in charcoal, preparatory to the letter-cutter's work. Claude read:

OF YOUR CHARITY  
PRAY  
FOR THE REPOSE OF THE SOUL  
OF  
NANETTE DODSWORTH RUS—

The workman had not finished the inscription.

"I think, Harry," said Claude, after a pause, "the monument is too small and insignificant."

"I do not, Claude. I think that Nanette would be pleased with just this if she could see it, and perhaps she can. I would rather spend five hundred dollars as offerings for Masses for the repose of her soul and one hundred for a monument, than five hundred for a granite shaft and a hundred for Masses."

"Well, guess you are right, as usual," said Claude.

"I know I am *this* time," said Harry.



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